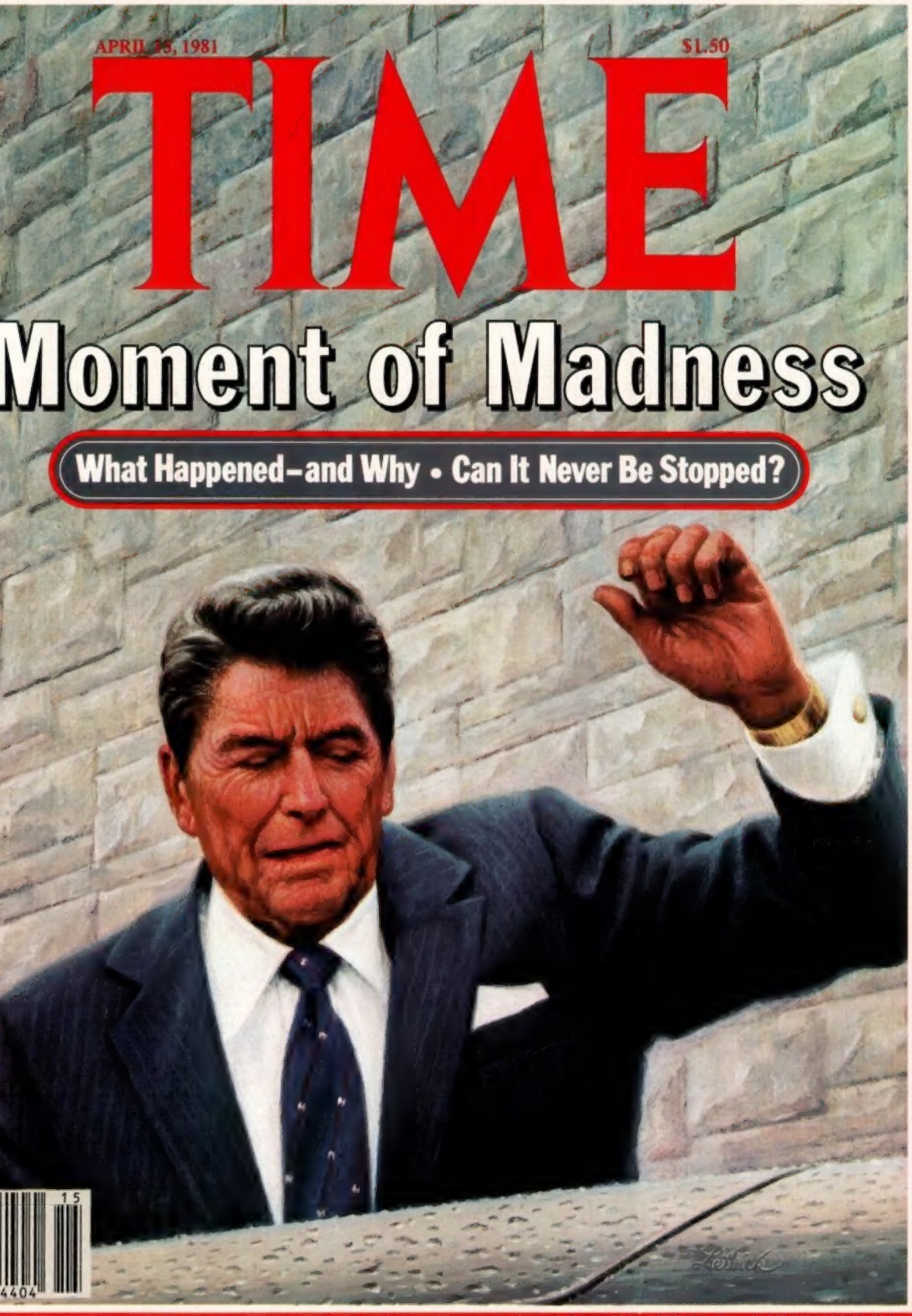
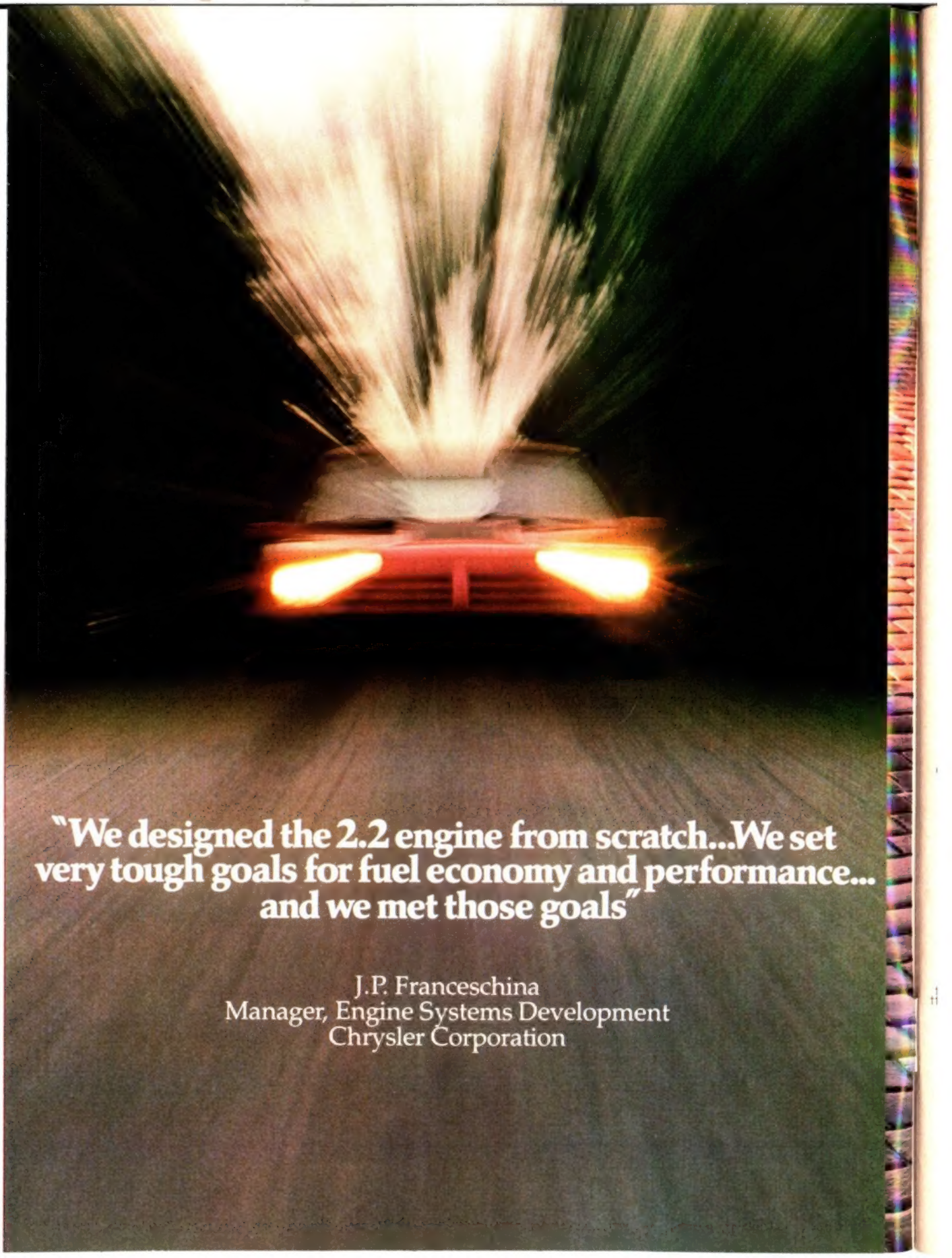
APRIL 13, 1981 $1.50

# TIME

## Moment of Madness

**What Happened–and Why • Can It Never Be Stopped?**





**"We designed the 2.2 engine from scratch...We set very tough goals for fuel economy and performance... and we met those goals"**

J.P. Franceschina
Manager, Engine Systems Development
Chrysler Corporation

# Dodge Charger 2.2: In 6.9 seconds this marvel of Chrysler engineering can travel from zero to 50 mph. And it still rates the unexpected fuel efficiency of 41 25 mpg.*

Imagine an automobile with the performance characteristics of the legendary Chargers of the 60's; one that is also responsive to the gas mileage requirements of the 80's. And you have the new Dodge Charger 2.2. The Charger legend lives again. A result of the advanced technology of Chrysler engineering.

**Chrysler's new 4-cylinder, 2.2 liter powerplant. Someday all engines may be as efficient.**

For more than 50 years, the engineers at Chrysler have continued a tradition of designing and building some of the world's finest engines. A heritage of performance, durability and efficiency that is contained in Chrysler's 2.2 liter Trans-4. It is the very heart of Charger 2.2. Designed to put power at your disposal with 111 ft. lbs. of torque at 2800 RPM. The results are amazing.

**The 41 25 mpg Charger out-accelerates a lot of performance cars that have high price tags.**

| MODEL | EPA EST | HWY EST | ENGINE | DSPL/ WT† | 0-50†† | 1981 M.S.R.P. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Charger 2.2** | **25** | **41** | **2.2-Liter 135 CID** | **.060** | **6.9** | **$6,488** |
| Ford EXP | 29 | 46 | 1.6-Liter 98 CID | 046 | 9.3 | $7,253 |
| Porsche 924 Turbo | 20 | 33 | 2.0-Liter 121 CID | 044 | 6.8†††† | $21,500 |
| Datsun 280ZX | 21 | 32 | 2.8-Liter 168 CID | 056 | 7.7†††† | $14,353 |
| BMW 320i | 25 | 36 | 1.8-Liter 108 CID | 043 | 8.2††† | $12,895 |
| Mustang V8 3-door | 19 | 28 | 4.2 Liter 255 CID | 090 | 8.6†††† | $7,348 |

†Calculated by dividing cubic inch displacement by curb weight.
††Acceleration times taken from various issues of Motor Trend.
†††1980 Test Data. ††††1979 Test Data.

**Someday all engines may be as easy to service.**

The Trans-4 has been thoughtfully engineered for ease of servicing. All its major service parts—oil filter, distributor, plugs and fluid reservoirs are right up front and easy to reach. The essence of engineering efficiency.

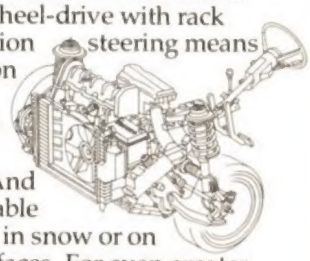
**Charger 2.2 is proof that Chrysler is as fanatical about quality as any European or Japanese car builder.**

Charger 2.2 is built in one of the most technologically advanced plants in the world. Everything from computers to advanced robot welders insure the reliability and durability of each Charger 2.2. Electronic consoles monitor 37 different functions on the Trans-4 engine with 66 tests. To go into Charger 2.2, the engine must pass every test.

Over 2000 quality checks are performed on each car before it leaves the line. An advanced technological system designed to deliver a level of Chrysler quality never before achieved.

**The Charger legend comes to life.**

Experience Dodge Charger 2.2 where it counts—on the road. The combination of advanced front-wheel-drive with rack and pinion steering means precision and stability in the turns. And remarkable traction in snow or on wet surfaces. For even greater control on all kinds of surfaces, an optional S14 Sport Suspension System is available.



The Charger 2.2 sets new standards of performance and efficiency.

The Charger legend lives again. Unchallenged.

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If you prefer an automobile of the same character as Charger 2.2, that puts somewhat more emphasis on fuel efficiency, there's Dodge 024 Miser. An exciting automobile as it stands in its own right with the following list of standard equipment: Rack and pinion steering. Front disc brakes. Transverse 1.7 liter engine. Electronic Fuel Control system. Electronic ignition. A manual 4-speed transaxle. Or you may wish to choose the following options. A 430 amp maintenance free battery, $23. Electric clock, $30. Shift lever console, $36. Rallye Instrument cluster, $100. Sun roof, $213.

Dodge

## The New Chrysler Corporation

*Use EPA est mpg numbers for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. CA mileage lower.
**Prices exclude title, taxes and destination charges. Whitewalls, $58 extra.

# "You can feel it when you drive."

*Lee Trevino*

## NEW BRIDGESTONE SUPERFILLER RADIALS.

The Bridgestone Tire Company announces new SuperFiller steel-belted radial tires.

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*"Put the advanced technology of Bridgestone SuperFiller radials between you and the road. You can feel it when you drive."*

Check the Yellow Pages for the Bridgestone dealer near you.

**Put Bridgestone between you and the road.**

**BRIDGESTONE**

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APRIL 13, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 15 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# A Letter from the Publisher

Ever since that fateful day in Dallas in 1963, journalists covering the President have been especially alert to the possibility that someone might try to take his life. That knowledge has brought a tinge of apprehension to even the most routine presidential assignments. TIME's Dirck Halstead had just such a prosaic task last week: taking pictures of President Reagan at the Washington Hilton. Suddenly gunshots rang out. Halstead, who photographed one of the assassination attempts on Gerald Ford in 1975, was able to take some of the dramatic pictures that accompany this week's cover stories. Says Halstead: "It has become necessary to bring to this assignment the constant awareness that violence might occur at any moment."

RODDEY E. MIMS

**Halstead with Washington, D.C., police**

Other TIME staffers were on the scene moments later. Correspondent Douglas Brew, who was getting audience reaction to Reagan's speech at the Hilton, raced outside and interviewed eyewitnesses. Correspondent Johanna McGeary, who was at lunch a block away, joined him there. White House Correspondent Laurence Barrett, who wrote TIME's cover story on the shooting of Robert Kennedy in 1968, was about to leave on vacation when he heard about the Hilton incident. He rushed to the White House and then to the hospital, and on Friday got an exclusive interview with Nancy Reagan. New York Bureau Chief Peter Stoler, formerly TIME's medicine writer, flew to the capital to cover the medical aspects of the story.

In Texas, Correspondent Robert Wurmstedt traveled to Dallas and Lubbock to interview friends of John Hinckley, the shooting suspect. Denver Bureau Chief Richard Woodbury was two miles from his home when he heard on his car radio that Hinckley had lived in Evergreen, Colo. Says Woodbury: "I headed straight for the mountains." Just beginning a vacation in Greeley, Colo., Senior Writer Edward Magnuson was quickly airborne back to New York, where he wrote the narrative of the assassination attempt. Says Magnuson: "It has happened enough times now so that though there is always a shock, you know you've been through it before. What you feel more than anything is sadness and disgust." Concluded Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian: "When the facts had all been fitted together, it seemed that Reagan's rugged and breezy presence had heavily affected the story. His spirit was larger than the awful event itself."

John a. Meyer

## Index

**Cover:** Painting by Birney Lettick, from a photograph by Ron Edmonds/AP.

**18**
**Cover:** First come the gasps and "Not agains!" then the too familiar numbness. Another President is shot. Yet as the nation examines its conscience, the machinery of Government, as always, grinds on. *See* NATION.

**24**
**The Attempt:** A cheap revolver, exploding bullets and love letters to a movie star lead to two seconds of horror—and perhaps years of debate. ▶ In an exclusive interview, Nancy Reagan describes her hour of dread.

**40**
**The Suspect:** From a good family, with good looks and the blessings of suburban affluence, John Hinckley had everything to live for—and something to kill for. ▶ The assassin syndrome. ▶ How to protect a President.

**60**
**World**
Just as a strike is averted in Poland, new invasion fears grow. ▶ The coup that wasn't in Thailand. ▶ In a pair of skyjackings, terrorists lose in Indonesia and win in Central America. ▶ South Korea's President talks of his providential mission. ▶ A posthumous debate over a British "coup."

**51**
**Essay**
One more handgun makes American history. Such guns shame and depress the U.S. They should be banned.

**91**
**Living**
With a boost from TV's *Love Boat*, more and more vacationers are voyaging where they do as much cruising as the ships.

**76**
**Economy & Business**
New leaders carry the Big Business banner. ▶ Coal miners dig in for a long strike. ▶ Pioneer Aviator Juan Trippe dies.

**96**
**Cinema**
*Excalibur* brings the Arthurian legends to life in a burst of vivid imagery. ▶ *Thief* lends high technique to an empty premise.

**86**
**Science**
The countdown has started for the shuttle *Columbia* on a voyage into orbit—and a new era in space exploration.

**101**
**Books**
Paperback romances mix fantasy, rape, career women and corner-office heroes in publishing's hottest new genre.

**88**
**Art**
Many of the works are tedious, but a show of French realists in Brooklyn takes a revised view of the 19th century.

**107**
**Press**
Live television coverage of the attempted assassination offers a rare glimpse into the news-gathering process.

**89**
**Theater**
The book may be old hat and the dancing derivative, but *Woman of the Year* has Lauren Bacall, one grand dame.

**7 Letters**
**85 Show Business**
**85 Milestones**
**92 Sport**
**94 People**

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In ancient Rome, the best way to beat the high cost of dying was to join a burial club. When you died, the club paid for your funeral and provided for any survivors.

There were no insurance contracts. No riders. No claims adjusters. Just people banding together to share the cost of dying.

# "Insurance is a very simple idea. At least, it used to be."

John E. Pearson,
President, NWNL

But, nearly every insurance innovation since then has brought complications. A myriad of government regulations. Specialized policies. Complex actuarial tables and policy writing. As well as specific rules pertaining to payment of claims.

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# Letters

## Crime's Curse

*To the Editors:*

Your article "The Curse of Violent Crime" [March 23] is a blueprint for hard decisions by officials and citizens. Ordinary people have lost faith and patience in the criminal justice process. Victims have moved from fear to hate. Unreconstructed criminals have started to rehabilitate society in their image on release. As for setting up more task forces —humbug!

*R. Joseph Novogrod, Director*
*Criminal Justice Department*
*Long Island University*
*New York City*

The solution to violent crime is to sentence those convicted of murder to death. If the penalty is carried out within two weeks, it will create more space in penitentiaries and serve notice to all: You reap what you sow!

*Philip N. Thompson*
*Edgerton, Minn.*

If we can reform our criminal justice system and get control of violent crime without becoming too severe, then let's do so. But if all our reforms prove futile, then we will have to resort to harsher measures. Otherwise the American people out of desperation will eventually have to sacrifice their rights and liberties for the safety and security of an authoritarian state.

*Bruce F. Sterling*
*New York City*

The advice given to the populace is: Carry money to appease the attacker, don't cry out, don't fight back, submit to the rapist. Someone has to put up resistance somewhere. If the victims won't, who will?

*Marjorie Dishron*
*Fort Worth*

We could save many of the 400 Americans murdered each week if we allowed police to spot-check people on the streets for illegal weapons. Experienced officers could then clear their beats of armed thugs in short order. Perhaps the Fourth Amendment will have to be changed to permit such searches.

*Peter Ungar*
*Scarsdale, N.Y.*

The point we are missing is that the transition to the prison system does not represent either a fearful consequence or a drastic change for most of those involved in street crime. Life in jail is dominated by the law of the jungle. For the offender it is reminiscent of life on the streets. To these criminals, work—hard physical labor—is not glamorous or normal. This is what they need to be doing for the benefit of the communities they have victimized.

*E. Winslow Chapman*
*Director of Police*
*Memphis*

The ridiculous debate over whether weapons or people should be controlled might end if the registration of handguns and the licensing of handgun owners were combined with long jail sentences for criminals who misuse firearms. I do not share the fear of law-abiding gun owners that they will be stripped of their arms. We register cars and license drivers, and there isn't any shortage of vehicles on the street.

I am one moderate Republican who will join any conservative, liberal, Democrat, G.O.P.er, populist, libertarian or mugwump willing to stop the carnage.

*Bill Green, Representative*
*18th District, New York*
*Washington, D.C.*

My own experience with violent crime occurred just recently when I was robbed at gunpoint in front of my home. The outrage I feel and the trauma my family has suffered cannot be imagined.

For too long, people in positions of power have done nothing to stop the crime wave that has swept America. Our leaders must be judged—and I include myself—on their ability to make people safe in their homes and communities. As a member of the House Subcommittee on Crime and as a victim of crime, I intend to raise my voice and put a stop to this nightmare.

*Hamilton Fish Jr., Representative*
*25th District, New York*
*Washington, D.C.*

### Curing Allergies

As an allergist, I am always interested in new ways to diagnose and treat my patients. But clinical ecology [March 16] totally lacks scientific basis. Practitioners of this cult have not been particularly interested in providing well-controlled studies on which to base their rather exaggerated claims for cures. "Data" to support these practitioners receive no peer review. I suspect that many of their patients have no physical illnesses.

Clinical ecology is expensive, whereas ethical allergy treatment remains a bargain. Unfortunately, the traditional approach to allergies is ultimately maligned.

*John M. Weiler, M.D.*
*University of Iowa*
*Iowa City*

In 1979 our seven-year-old daughter showed a severe learning disability that was diagnosed as Tourette's Syndrome. She was treated with traditional medicine without success. We then went to a doctor of "ecological medicine" who subjected her to various foods and chemicals. Forty of them, including potatoes and milk, were affecting her. After clearing her system of the offending substances, our daughter went from learning below kindergarten level to being an average student in her own grade.

*Jim and Terry Foxx*
*Los Alamos, N. Mex.*

### Long Hair and Lathes

As a machinist with 30 years' experience, I winced with horror at the picture of a person learning to use a lathe accompanying your story "Putting the Poor to Work" [March 23]. This operator is inviting an instant scalping.

*Ernest C. Oest*
*New York City*

### American Renewal

Your special project on American Renewal [Feb. 23] was one of the finest pieces of writing I have seen, and I hope all America catches the spirit of what you were trying to say, particularly that renewal "encompasses ethics, moral, social and spiritual values."

*David A. Baxendale*
*Lieutenant Colonel, The Salvation Army*
*New York City*

Your article calling for the return of the draft is an enormous step backward in the striving for a humane world. No renewal, American or other, should be based on blood. A man who specializes in killing other men—regardless of ideology—is an assassin. Forcing youths to do precisely this is a hideous crime.

*Jorge Luis Borges*
*Buenos Aires*

### Coffee and Cancer

On the subject of the links between coffee and cancer [March 23], there is the following story:

During the 18th century, two brothers who were identical twins were sentenced to die. The King of Sweden, however, changed their sentences to life imprisonment, decreeing that one brother should drink only tea, while the other has

**Want to help save the world?**

# You do it one child at a time.

The future of the world *is* its children . . . our children. It's that simple.

But just to be concerned isn't enough. To "help save the world" requires a sincere commitment. We believe it starts with the needy children in the developing countries . . . exactly the kind of commitment Dinia's Foster Parents have made to her.

In these countries, millions of children can't even get a drink of clean water. Don't have even halfway nutritious meals. Don't have decent housing. Don't get minimal medical or dental care, or go to school. Their needs are great . . . their needs are *now.*

Our government and those of developing countries are cooperating in massive programs of aid, especially major projects such as industrialization, hydroelectric dams, and land reclamation. These projects are vital and they'll continue – but they are *not* enough.

Their very scale makes them impersonal. And their benefits to the needy *individual* are frequently indirect and a decade or more away.

But *right now* there is much that *you* – one single individual – *can do.* There are girls, boys, and their families in 18 developing countries which you can help *today.*

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# Letters

to imbibe only coffee. This happened during the time when both beverages were considered deleterious to one's health. As it turned out, the brother who consumed tea succumbed first at 83, making coffee the preferred beverage.

Further correlation is found in the longevity rates of Scandinavians, who are inveterate coffee drinkers, as compared with the English, who are habitual tea drinkers. The average Scandinavian outlives the average Englishman.

*M. Keith Daitsch*
*Seal Beach, Calif.*

### Death by Fire

After reading the two letters regarding hotel fire safety [March 16], I believe the general public may have some misunderstanding of the subject. A "simple gas mask" would not provide oxygen or protection against carbon monoxide. And a plastic hose would surely not be a shield against fire roaring down a hallway at 2000° F. What is needed is the adoption of tougher building- and fire-code standards. Until then we will continue to have more fires and more deaths.

*David Altamirano, Inspector*
*Orange County Fire Department*
*San Juan, Calif.*

### Why Moses Turned Right

I was surprised to read that the biblical account of the Exodus does not answer the question of why Moses turned right upon reaching the Sinai [March 23] or why he led the Israelites on the 40-year odyssey. My Bible answers both.

The right turn wasn't Moses' doing. He and the children of Israel were following the Lord, who took the form of a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night. The 40-year wandering was to punish Israel for its faithlessness. A dozen men were sent into Canaan on a 40-day reconnaissance mission. Ten of the twelve returned with reports of doom. Because their pessimism indicated faithlessness, God meted out a year of wandering for each day of spying.

*(The Rev.) Dan Younger*
*Palm Harbor, Fla.*

### Panda Goes Acourting

May I offer my un-koalafied praise for Chia-Chia's objective report of his recent trip from London [March 16]. His cool, responsible account was welcome counterpoint to the media-induced panda-monium surrounding the case. Certainly such detached testimony makes the entire situation much more bearable.

*Calvin N. Smith*
*Charleston, Ill.*

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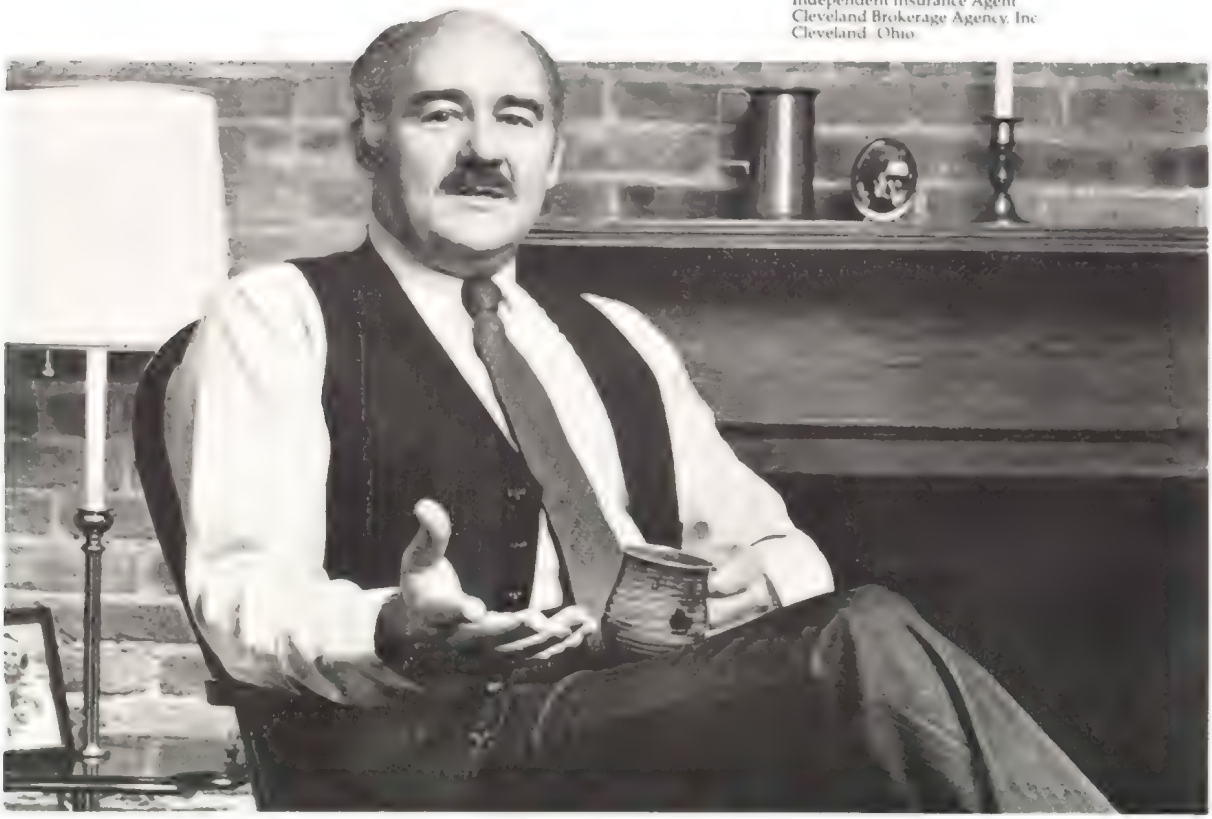

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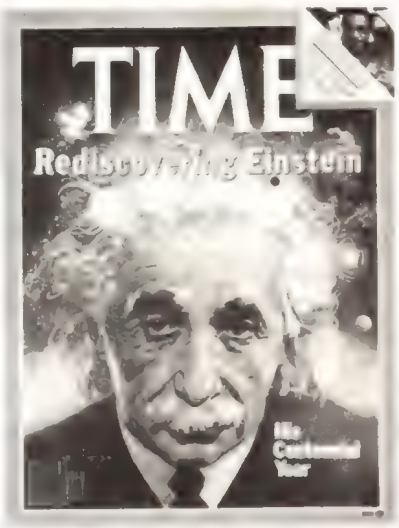


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# Happening"

*fresh fears that assassination is an American disease*

Just before the shooting begins, Ronald Reagan is surrounded by (from left) Agent Jerry Parr (in raincoat), Press Secretary James Brady, a military aide, Assistant Michael Deaver, an unidentified policeman, Officer Thomas Delahanty and Agent Timothy McCarthy. Seconds later (below) an agent leaps over Delahanty and Brady to grab for the gunman, Parr has pushed Reagan into the limousine, and the car is ready to move

# A Sense of Where We Are

*Reflections on a week of anxiety, sadness and outrage*

It took a week to get the picture. First came the gasps and "not agains"; then the nation assumed its old too familiar position before the tube, reluctant pros in this business by now, ready to take in the slow-motion replays, the testimony of experts, the edgy reporters, a bloody head, a shot-up limousine, another blank-faced gunman. There was a jumble to sort out. The President was O.K. But then he wasn't. They took him to the White House. No, to a hospital. Was it serious? Not very. Yes, very. Maybe ... And so on through the long Monday afternoon, the emotions buffeted by every bulletin—sinking at the report of White House Press Secretary James Brady's death; rising warily when the report is denied; a freeze at news that the President is undergoing surgery; a thaw when someone repeats a Reagan joke. Who *was* that fool who asked if the operation was going to be filmed? More questions still—the public's tensions not at all alleviated by the figure of Alexander Haig claiming "I am in control here," in a voice full of jelly.

The press was hard on Haig after the recent who's-in-charge tempest. Suddenly the Secretary of State is playing air raid warden again and rearranging the order of succession to the presidency to suit his pride. Yet he was only trying to do what everyone wanted: to establish order and clear things up. By 7 p.m. there was at least the start of a clearing up. To stage center stepped Dr. Dennis O'Leary of George Washington University Hospital, a gentle, cool customer, another instant media star. Secret Service Agent Timothy J. McCarthy was hit in the stomach, but doing well. D.C. Policeman Thomas K. Delahanty was hit in the shoulder and neck; his condition was stable. A .22-cal. bullet passed through Jim Brady's brain. And the President? He became his chest for the moment: the bullet entered here, bounced off this, settled in that. There was "oxygenation" and a "thoracotomy" and some "peritoneal lavage" to boot. But was he O.K.? Yes, he was fine, chipper. By nightfall the country was beginning to do some oxygenating of its own.

Within a day or two pieces were beginning to fit, even the weirdest. To the bare fact of the suspect's name, John W. Hinckley Jr., were added the details of a strangely American life, or half life. The son of oil-rich respectability quits school, takes to the road, joins the American Nazi party, but can't make it there. He has a guitar, of course; drives a tan Plymouth with Texas plates; watches TV in cheap motels where he stops briefly. He is a traveling man. Soft-spoken and polite. He dines on Whoppers and writes love notes to a teen-age movie star at Yale—while going madder by the minute, buying guns and hitting the dream cities of Denver, Nashville, Dallas and L.A., until he arrives by Greyhound at the city of the country's heart, which he is driven to penetrate. So after a while even he becomes real. At week's end one understands not everything, but a lot more than seemed possible on frantic Monday. The people were in control here.

The interesting thing is that people can actually do this; can take a terrifying, chaotic act and eventually make some sense of it. What occurred outside the Washington Hilton was irrational and destructive. Yet the reactions it generated were both sane and helpful; and they were connected to one's best feelings about the country and the Government. When the President was shot, Americans prayed very hard, not for the life of an abstraction, but for a man, one who as leader of the democracy carries something of everyone in that mortal chest. If people were ashamed and dismayed that such horrors could continue to happen in a civilized place, they were also proud and relieved that the Government of that civilized place could not be rattled.

But there were even more basic feelings brought out by Monday's events. Trust, for one thing: the belief that in spite of all the initial misinformation, the facts would eventually be known. Patience, for another; and a general absence of panic. Faith in science, as the doctors were relied on to tell the country what its future looked like. Faith in God, for those who have it. Faith too in the press, remarkably; the same press that is excoriated as a matter of daily habit, still counted on in a real emergency to get the truth as best it can, as fast as it can—and to tell it. A sense of national unity, in sadness and anxiety. A sense of outrage at violence. If the U.S. really were as fundamentally violent as it is made out, there would never be such uniform despair and disgust when violence occurred.

Then too there was kinship with the suffering, with Jim Brady, especially; old Brady "the Bear," Brady the joker, the poker-faced inventor of Goat Gap Texas Chili and Captain Brady's Nightie Night, who wasn't kidding when he described his new position as "the toughest p.r. job in the world." And kinship with life, with Sarah Brady holding her husband's hand, waiting for the squeeze to be returned.

Such feelings make it possible to survive a week like the last one. They attest to the normalities of our lives, and suggest that in the long run there is a gentleness and decency that prevails over the berserk flashes and the threats of sudden death. Yet these shootings leave scars, and they ought to. Why *are* all these handguns still around? Why *can't* creatures like Hinckley be reached before they reach others? When the President entered the hospital, he told his friend, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt: "Don't worry about me. I'll make it." By the weekend the country was thinking the same thing, with the same uncertain bravery.

*—By Roger Rosenblatt*

Michael Evans—The White House

# Business as Usual—Almost

*A powerful troika takes charge, while Haig overdoes it—once more*

The first reactions were shock, horror, sickness at the thought that the nation had to go through it all once more. Then almost instantly came anxiety—not only for the wounded President but for the country itself. As citizens all over the U.S. and indeed around the world waited for the medical bulletins, questions formed: Did, and would, the U.S. still have a functioning Government? Could decisions still be made, necessary actions be taken, while a President in office little more than two months, barely enough time to get his hands on the levers of power, recovered from the attempt on his life?

Fortunately, the answer came before the worries had time to blossom. It was a resounding yes.

In the worst hours of uncertainty and confusion, while Ronald Reagan was unconscious in surgery, the nuclear button was right where it should be, in the hands of Vice President George Bush. On his flight back from Texas to Washington, Bush was accompanied by a military aide carrying the Vice President's version of the "football"—an unremarkable black leather case containing top-secret signal codes and military target information. Reagan, once he shook off the effects of anesthesia, resumed some of his duties. The morning after the shooting, with a tube still in his nose and a needle dripping intravenous solution into his arm, the President signed a bill canceling an increase in dairy price supports that otherwise would have gone into effect the next day. The only sign of stress: his signature was a trifle shakier than usual.

With Reagan's approval, Bush presided over two Cabinet meetings, carefully taking his accustomed seat and leaving the President's chair empty to symbolize the temporary nature of his enhanced authority. The Vice President also conferred with Netherlands Premier Andreas van Agt and Polish Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, who had come to Washington to see Reagan.

The Senate passed, 88 to 10, a budget resolution cutting spending for fiscal 1982 by $36.9 billion; that was roughly $2.8 billion more than Reagan had requested. At week's end Secretary of State Alexander Haig took off, on schedule, for a trip to the Middle East, and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger left for defense consultations with Western European allies. Altogether, the week's official activity appeared to justify the phrase that Reagan's aides were using while the President was still in the recovery room: "Business as usual."

Well, almost. The day-to-day operations of the Government will continue about the way they would if the President were in the White House—as in fact he might be this week, if his recovery proceeds on course.

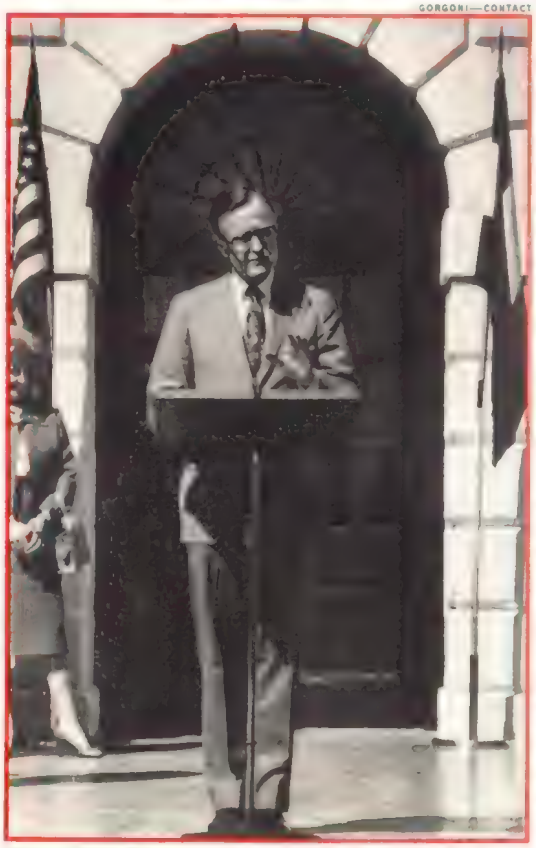
TIME Contributing Editor Hugh Sidey, who has been reporting on Washington for 24 years, notes that calm prevailed during Dwight Eisenhower's several hospitalizations, Richard Nixon's phlebitis, and even in the far graver crisis of the Kennedy assassination. Says Sidey: "We have sometimes overplayed the difficulty of running the Government. National trauma we have had. But the postal clerk still comes to work, the soldiers still drill. If anything, they are a little more diligent in their duties, realizing that the country needs a special effort. Men and women also tend to cooperate better at the higher levels in such moments. Heightened tension acts as a magnifier; every word, and sentence, becomes an act of international significance and is rocketed around the globe where it is examined and weighed."

Even long-run policy formulation will not suffer badly during the next month or so while Reagan is convalescing. Reason: the Administration decided from the start to make the economic program of spending and tax cuts its top priority, and that program is well advanced. Says one White House aide: "There are peaks and valleys in decision making. If this had happened on Feb. 10, we would have been in a totally different situation. Now, for the time being, the economic decisions are already made."

Still, no nation as heavily dependent on presidential leadership as the U.S. can shrug off the wounding of its Chief Executive as if nothing had happened. Already last week, some decisions were slipping: the Administration put off announcement of a package of measures designed to help the U.S. auto industry meet foreign competition. Though aides publicly asserted that Reagan would confer late this month with Mexican President José López Portillo as scheduled, they conceded in private that the session might be called off.

Meanwhile, there are sure to be shifts in the balance of forces within the Administration, some with lasting consequences. Even in an Administration officially dedicated to Cabinet Government, the White House staff had been increasing its influence before the shots rang out. The so-called troika at the top consists of Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, Chief of Staff James Baker and Deputy Chief Michael Deaver, Reagan's closest personal aide. Within half an hour of the shooting, the troika set up a kind of command post at the hospital, and once the President was recuperating funneled briefing papers to him (greatly condensed to avoid taxing his strength).

For at least the rest of Reagan's hospitalization and the early period of his convalescence, the troika's power will be greater than ever. They will decide who sees the President, which decisions are referred to him and which are postponed or settled at lower levels. They will also be the primary communicators of Reagan's words and wishes to the rest of the



GORGONI—CONTACT

**Bush at White House reception for Netherlands Premier**

*In a moment of shock, he carried the "football."*

Government and the outside world.

The three, who breakfast together at 7:30 each morning, have worked out a smooth division of duties and interests that should enable them to maintain their influence when matters settle down. Meese, who likes to lug home a bulging briefcase, concentrates on developing policy positions; Baker, who scorns paperwork, keeps a sharp eye on political affairs; Deaver is the devoted guardian and shaper of Reagan's schedule. Says one aide who has watched them closely: "No one can put himself in the President's shoes, when it comes to personal and many political considerations, the way Deaver can. No one can put himself in the President's mind, when it comes to difficult policy questions, the way Meese can. And no one can understand the intersection of the White House and the bureaucracy, the bridge between intention and action, better than Baker."

Vice President Bush, too, seems sure to gain in clout because of the calm manner in which he filled in for the President at Cabinet meetings and ceremonial functions. His demeanor, neither pushy nor retiring, impressed even some Reaganites who had considered him a mushy moderate. Said one: "He has been impressive. He has a good sensitivity to the situation."

In contrast, Secretary of State Haig damaged his already shaky standing in the Government. The echoes of his losing effort two weeks ago to have himself rather than Bush named as foreign policy crisis manager had not died down when he took the podium in the White House press room to proclaim, in a shaky voice, "I am in control here." Said one State Department official who is friendly with Haig: "I thought it was *Seven Days in May*. Al didn't do it right, and it's going to hurt him." At week's end a new controversy threatened to erupt when it was learned that Haig, without properly consulting other Cabinet members, had given the French tacit approval to sell 600,000 tons of wheat to the Soviets. The White House attempted to play down the incident in the hope that it would blow over, but talk continued to float around Washington that Haig might resign, and that the White House was already looking for a successor.

Those rumors were vehemently denied by the White House staff. Late in the week it made a concerted attempt to salvage Haig's credibility so that he could deal effectively with foreign governments. White House aides insisted that Haig had only meant, quite properly, to reassure the world—and warn the Soviets—that the U.S. Government was continuing to operate. Said one White House staffer: "Al Haig is too strong a player to let go." Reagan himself summoned Haig to his hospital bed and gave the Secretary letters to hand carry to the leaders of Egypt, Israel, Saudi Arabia and Jordan. Nonetheless, Haig left on his Middle East trip an uncertain figure, worried about having unnamed enemies in the White House who were out to get him. Whether he can recover authority over foreign policy is yet to be seen.

On the domestic front, the most obvious immediate effect of the assassination attempt, and the courage with which the President withstood it, was a powerful surge in Reagan's popularity. A quick Washington *Post*/ABC News poll the day after the shooting found 73% approving the way the President is handling his job, up eleven percentage points from just the week before.

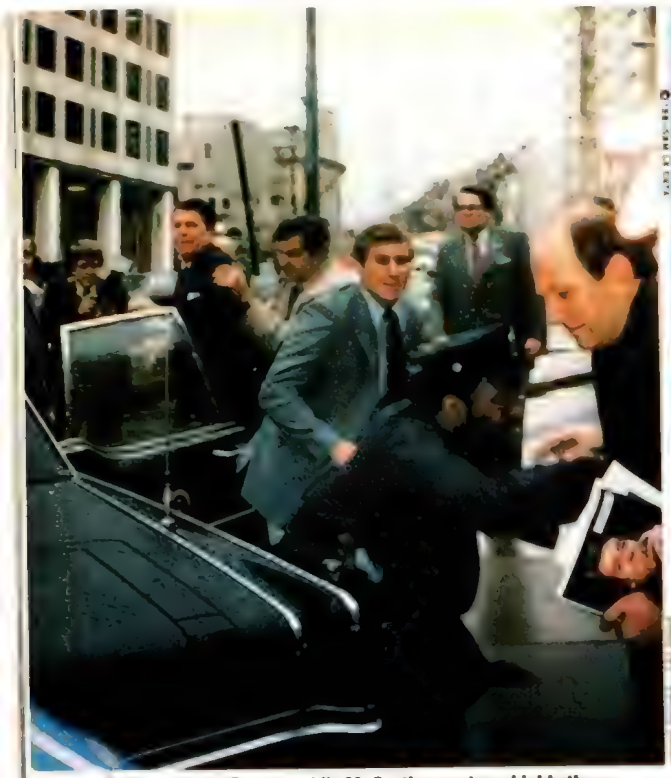
Whether that tide of public sympathy and admiration will win additional votes for Reagan's spending and tax cuts, especially in the Democratic-controlled House where the real battle will be fought, is in some dispute. Most of Reagan's senior advisers agree with Office of Management and Budget Director David Stockman, who says, "I don't think it will have any significant effect on the Hill." On the other hand, some Democrats are afraid they will be hampered in making an aggressive case against those cuts that they contend hurt the poor. Says one liberal: "You could never get anyone to go after him personally, because he's a nice guy. But now it will be difficult even to voice anything against the program. That would be viscerally resented by a lot of people."

Nonetheless, the Democrats will try. House Budget Committee Chairman James Jones will unveil this week a budget proposal that would slash spending $4 billion more than the Administration's plan, but with a very different set of priorities. Jones and the Democratic leadership would cut $4 billion out of planned defense spending and $1.5 billion out of energy outlays, for example, while restoring $7 billion of cuts that Reagan wants in such programs as Medicaid, food stamps and child nutrition. On the tax side, the Democrats reject Reagan's three-year, across-the-board slash in income tax rates in favor of a much narrower one-year reduction. The Administration's ability to counter this effort may be hampered by the enforced scrapping of Reagan's personal selling campaign for his program. The President had been scheduled to speak almost weekly to state legislatures to plug his economic package.

"Nobody can sell the program like he can," says one senior adviser. Another is concerned that "with Reagan in bed, we will lose a crucial month." White House aides, however, are exploring other methods of using the President's persuasive talents. They say he will resume his highly effective personal lobbying on congressional leaders once he leaves the hospital, though he will receive them in the White House residence quarters rather than the Oval Office. They talk of putting him on television for a speech in which his natural mastery of the medium might be enhanced by the emotional impact of a recuperating President once again addressing the citizenry.

Meanwhile, the Government is carrying on sufficiently well that by week's end some Reagan aides were voicing an ironic worry: perhaps they have convinced the public too thoroughly that everything is business as usual. Says one: "We spent two months trying to erase an impression that the U.S. had elected Ed Meese President, instead of Ronald Reagan. Now we are almost going back to the point of saying that this Administration does not need him." Compared with the potential dangers of a leaderless Government, however, that is a minor worry indeed. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

**The President and Nancy strolling through hospital corridor Friday**
*The signature, shakier than usual, was the only sign of stress*



Parr pushes Reagan while McCarthy, center, shields them

Brady lying seriously wounded on pavement outside the hotel

# Six Shots at a Nation's Heart

## *Again, a moment of madness threatens a President and tarnishes the U.S.*

The final Sunday of March began with a slight haze and soft breezes; unseasonable temperatures in the mid-70s welcomed the blossoming dogwoods. The day was so balmy that Ronald and Nancy Reagan, after attending services at St. John's Church, took a short noontime stroll back to the White House, passing the pink magnolias in Lafayette Park.

*Shortly after 12:15 p.m., a pudgy young man with unkempt blond hair stepped off a Greyhound bus after a three-day ride from Los Angeles. He leaned against a pole in Washington's seedy terminal, then sat restlessly in a blue plastic seat. He seemed in no hurry to go anywhere.*

Enjoying a rare day without guests or meetings, the Reagans lunched together in the White House. They stayed indoors, catching up on some unstrenuous household chores. One of them was to hang pictures in the President's study in the family quarters.

*The visitor to Washington was John W. Hinckley Jr., 25, of Evergreen, Colo. He was in a surly mood. He snapped at a waitress who served him a cheeseburger in the terminal restaurant. He ate alone at the rear of the room, then walked back into the station's lobby, stalking about impatiently for an hour. He seemed to be waiting for someone.*

The Reagans admired a collection of miniature western saddles given to them by their California friend Walter Annenberg. They carried a dozen of the miniatures to the Oval Office and arranged them for display on a table at the left of the President's desk. Then they dined together in their residence. It had been a comfortable day.

*Hinckley checked into the Park Central Hotel on 18th Street. It is just two blocks west of the White House and directly across the street from Secret Service headquarters. It often houses visiting Secret Service agents. The cheapest room is $42 a night, moderate by Washington standards. Hinckley sat for hours in Room 312. He made two local telephone calls, using the hotel's direct-dial system.*

Lyn Nofziger briefing reporters at hospital

The sky turned a lead gray on Monday, Ronald Reagan's 70th day in office. A monotonous drizzle formed puddles on the city's streets. But the weather was still warm and the rain did not dampen Reagan's spirits. At an early morning breakfast with 140 sub-Cabinet-level officials of his Administration in the East Room, Reagan gave a pep talk. He quoted Thomas Paine, declaring, "We have it in our power to begin the world over again." Then followed short meetings with his senior staff in the Oval Office and a national security briefing. All were in the normal workday pattern.

*Hinckley got up early. He stopped in the Lunchbox Carryout Shop, just a few doors from his hotel, for coffee at 7:30 a.m. An hour later, he ordered breakfast in Kay's Sandwich Shoppe, adjacent to the hotel. He sat alone at the counter.*

Reagan greeted two dozen Hispanic leaders in the Cabinet Room and conferred with them in private after photographers were allowed to take a few pictures. Aides Lyn Nofziger and Elizabeth Dole sat in on the meeting. One topic of the discussion: Reagan's efforts to place Hispanics in Government positions.

*Hinckley was out of his room at 10 a.m.*

Bush reading statement in White House after Reagan's operation

Maureen Reagan watching the news in Los Angeles

Dr. Dennis O'Leary showing how bullet was removed from Reagan

*when a maid checked it. A two-suiter suitcase filled with clothes was spread open. A copy of* TV Guide *was near the bed. Also in the room was a newspaper clipping about the President's schedule, which disclosed that Reagan would leave the White House at 1:45 p.m. to address a session of the AFL-CIO's building and construction trades department at the Washington Hilton.*

The President had lunch at the White House in the family quarters. He ate an avocado and chicken salad, sliced red beets and an apple tart. Then he worked on his Hilton speech and stretched out for a brief rest.

*When he returned to the hotel about noon, Hinckley asked the desk clerk whether he had received any telephone calls. There were no telephone messages in his key box. Then at 12:45 p.m. he sat in his room and began to write a five-paragraph letter on lined note paper. It started: "Dear Jodie, There is a definite possibility that I will be killed in my attempt to get Reagan." It ended: "This letter is being written an hour before I leave for the Hilton Hotel. Jodie, I'm asking you to please look into your heart and at least give me the chance with this historical deed to gain your respect and love. I love you forever." It was signed: "John Hinckley." Hinckley sealed the letter to Actress Jodie Foster, 18, a freshman at Yale University whom he had never met, but did not mail it.*

The President climbed into his armor-plated black Lincoln limousine at 1:45 p.m. for the seven-minute drive to the Hilton. With him was Michael Deaver, his closest personal aide, Labor Secretary Ray Donovan and two Secret Service agents: Drew Unrue was driving, and Jerry Parr, chief of the presidential protection detail, sat in the right front seat. Following them in the motorcade was Presidential Press Secretary Jim Brady. Half an hour earlier, his deputy, Larry Speakes, had asked, "You going with the President to the hotel?" Brady's casual reply: "Yeah, I think I will." With other agents following in the "battlewagon" protective car, the caravan moved swiftly through the rain-slick streets to the hotel. Everything was going smoothly; the trip seemed quite routine.

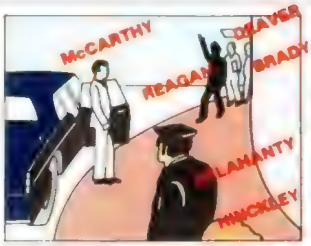
*Rechecking rooms at 1:15 p.m. to replace some used towels, the maid found Hinckley in the room, wearing a light-colored jacket, sport shirt and casual pants. He stood by the bathroom door and watched without expression as she hung the towels. Shortly afterward he left for the Hilton. It was almost a mile away, less than a half-hour walk. If he went by cab or bus, he was unnoticed.*

The President received a standing ovation as he entered the Hilton's International Ballroom to address 3,500 union representatives. It was the largest audience he had faced in person since his Inauguration. As he made his pitch for the union members to support his economic program, Reagan's delivery was uncharacteristically flat. He drew only tepid applause, even meeting silence at a few punch lines. Only one sentence in the 18-minute speech would later be remembered. Noted the President: "Violent crime has surged 10%, making neighborhood streets unsafe and families fearful in their homes."

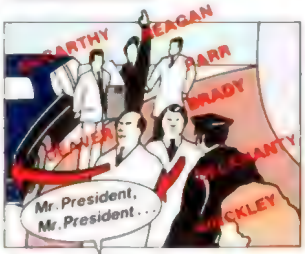
*Outside the Hilton, on an adjacent sidewalk, Hinckley was pacing nervously. John M. Dodson, a Pinkerton's detective agency computer specialist, was watching the Hilton's lower-level VIP entrance from the seventh floor of a nearby office building. Dodson noticed the young man wearing a tan raincoat. "He looked fidgety, agitated, a little strange," Dodson recalled later.*

Hinckley, flanked by officers, after arraignment

A group of TV and still photographers also awaited Reagan's exit in what they call "the bodywatch" —the need to record any presidential calamity, or what Reagan has termed "the awful-awful." Other reporters were there, some with microphones and tape recorders, to ask the President for his reaction to the latest showdown between the government and Lech Walesa's independent labor movement in Poland. As always, curious onlookers pressed in for a glimpse of the President. They included some union members who had




**1** Reagan leaves VIP exit of Hilton Hotel. The door of his limousine is open. He waves as he reaches the curb.




**2** At a shout from the press, Deaver moves to the left, giving Brady room to talk to AP Reporter Michael Putzel, who wants to ask a question.

**3** The shooting starts. Six shots are fired in two seconds. One hits a window across the street, and one the window of Reagan's limousine. Other bullets hit Brady, Delahanty and McCarthy. Another bullet hits the rear panel of the limousine, ricochets through the gap between the open door and the body of the car, and hits Reagan as he is bending over and being pushed into the car by Parr.

either arrived late for the lunch or left it early to get a closer view of Reagan. There were women with Kodaks, children, and even a mayor, Charles Wright of Davenport, Iowa.

The unmarked entrance, consisting of steel double doors under a concrete canopy, was designed precisely to provide security for Presidents and other celebrities who attend affairs at the Hilton. The doors open onto a 13-ft.-wide sidewalk that runs along a curving driveway at the base of a 15-ft.-high stone retaining wall. On this day the Secret Service had roped off an area along this curving wall about 25 ft. from the doors. The press and other onlookers jostled for position behind the rope.

*Among them was John Hinckley. Standing close to the wall, he complained about the press, which had been griping about onlookers getting in the way. ABC Cameraman Henry Brown had protested that the press area had been "penetrated" by people who were "interfering with our work." Replied a man whom Brown assumed was a Secret Service agent: "We'll try to do something." A.P. Radio Reporter Walter Rodgers pushed his way along the wall, extending his fishpole mike, when he heard the young man complain about the reporters: "They ought to get here on time. They think they can do anything they want. Don't let them do that."*

Reagan left the ballroom stage and walked down a 100-yard carpeted corridor that leads to the VIP exit. When he stepped out onto the sidewalk, the drizzle had stopped. The President flashed one of his usual jovial smiles as he headed toward his car, parked 15 ft. from the exit and 10 ft. from the press rope. Agent Unrue was in the driver's seat; the engine was running. Reagan raised his right hand high, waving to people standing across the driveway.

Agent Parr was at Reagan's right side. Aide Deaver was at his left, between the President and the press group. Brady walked a few steps behind Deaver and closer to the wall. Agent Timothy McCarthy waited at the limousine, standing behind the open rear door. Washington Patrolman Thomas Delahanty, drawn away from his normal duties with the police canine squad to help guard the President, stood near the press rope. Reagan, now just a few feet away from his car, turned to his left and waved toward the reporters.

"Mr. President, Mr. President," came a familiar shout from behind the rope. A.P. Reporter Michael Putzel was trying to ask Reagan a question. Brady stepped ahead of Deaver to help field any press queries. Still smiling, Reagan looked past McCarthy, Deaver, Brady and Delahanty and at the milling group behind the rope.

*The man in the tan raincoat reached out to point a .22-cal. "Saturday night special" at the President. The chambers of the revolver contained six Devastator bullets, designed to explode on impact. He shot twice, paused, then fired off four more rounds—all in a scant two seconds.*

At the first sound of firing, Deaver ducked. The President's grin vanished. He looked startled, bewildered. Instinctively, Agent Parr pushed Reagan's head down, shoved him hard through the open car door. Reagan's head struck the roof of the doorway. Both men landed on the transmission hump ahead of the rear seat. Parr on top of the President. "Take off!" shouted Parr to the driver. "Just take off!" The limo lurched out of the driveway.

Deaver, who had crouched beside the President's car until he saw Reagan was in it, ran for the Secret Service control vehicle. "Oh, my God, it's happening!" he thought. The shots had been so close to him that he could "feel the concussion and smell the powder." In the car, he shouted, "Let's get out of here!" He grabbed Presidential Assistant David Fischer and, referring to Reagan, asked, "My God, Dave, is he all right?"

Brady lay on the sidewalk, blood seeping from a wound in his head and trickling into an iron grating. He tried to rise. Rick Ahearn, a White House advanceman, cradled Brady's face and shouted: "A handkerchief, a handkerchief!" Dropped in the turmoil, a police pistol lay incongruously beside Brady's head. McCarthy had been trained to try to block any shots at the President with his own body; when the firing began, he turned away from the limousine toward the assailant. Hit in the abdomen by a bullet that might well have struck the President, McCarthy whirled away from the gunman and fell prone. Patrolman Delahanty, a bullet lodged in his neck, lay screaming in pain near the rope.

*Along the wall, agents, police officers and a union member leaped on Hinckley. He struggled furiously for at least 20 seconds before the gun was wrestled away from him. One agent brandished his Uzi submachine gun to emphasize orders to his colleagues as well as to fend off any threat*

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*from the aghast and screaming crowd; for all he knew, it might hold other assailants. Another agent, jammed against the wall in the melee, waved his pistol toward the menacing street. "Get a police car! Get a car!" cried the men holding Hinckley. Handcuffing Hinckley and throwing a jacket over his head, the officers shoved him toward one police car, but found the rear door locked. They pushed him into a second and sped off to Washington police headquarters, some 30 blocks away.*

The three wounded men still lay on the ground. After five agonizing minutes, an orange and white Washington ambulance, parked at the Connecticut Avenue entrance to the hotel, pulled around into the T Street driveway. Paramedic Bobby Montgillion jumped out, ran to Brady and grabbed his hand. "I asked if he knew what was going on," recalled Montgillion. "He squeezed my hand." Brady lost consciousness as he was lifted onto a stretcher and placed into the ambulance with an oxygen mask clamped to his face. Two more ambulances, their sirens wailing, arrived to take Agent McCarthy and Patrolman Delahanty to separate hospitals.

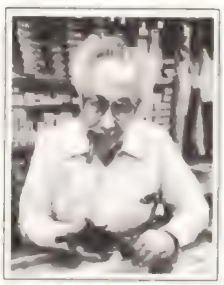
In the President's Lincoln, Reagan protested: "Jerry, get off me. You're hurting my ribs. You really came down hard on top of me." The agent apologized and helped Reagan sit upright on the rear seat. The car was speeding down Connecticut Avenue toward the White House. Said Parr later: "I ran my hands over his body, under his arms, his back." He detected no wound. The limousine was less than 15 seconds away from the Hilton when Reagan said again that his ribs hurt. "He complained of having some problems with his breathing," said Parr. "He was getting an ashen color. Then he started to cough up some blood. My first impression was that somehow a rib had broken and punctured a lung." Reagan had the same mistaken idea. He later said: "It hurt, but I thought it was a broken rib."

Parr ordered the driver to turn right and rush toward George Washington University Hospital, 1½ miles from the Hilton. By radio Parr advised the Secret Service command post at the White House: "Rawhide is heading for George Washington." Rawhide is Reagan's apt Secret Service code name. His limousine is called Stagecoach.

As Reagan's car pulled up to the hospital's emergency entrance, Parr opened the right rear door and called for help. Two more agents, following in the battlewagon, helped the President walk toward the entrance. Reagan had gone about 45 ft., said Parr, when he sagged. "He was perhaps going into shock, but I

## Cheap Gun, Will Travel

The origins of the .22-cal. revolver that was used to shoot President Reagan are in Sontheim, West Germany. A picturesque town built along a tributary of the Danube, Sontheim is the home of Röhm GmbH, a 74-year-old firm that makes drilling equipment and cheap handgun parts. West Germans have little use for Röhm weapons. The country's gun ownership laws are strict, and the relatively few people who do qualify to possess handguns tend to choose better-made and more expensive models. Thus, most Röhm gun parts—perhaps $1 million worth a year, although company officials refuse to be exact—are shipped through Bremen and Hamburg to the U.S., where there is one pistol for every four citizens, and where there is a flourishing market for cheap "Saturday night specials." Last year the U.S. imported 298,689 foreign handguns, most of them from Italy and West Germany, and 3.1 million gun parts.



Gun Seller Goldstein

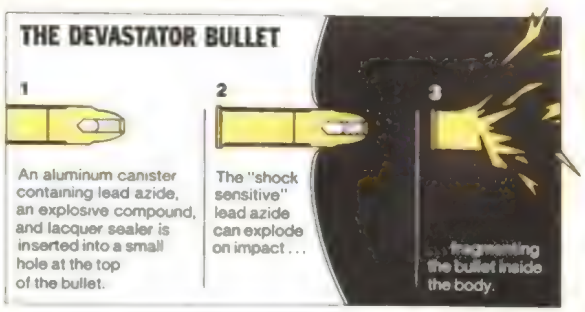
American law closely regulates the importing of entire guns. But there are far fewer restrictions on bringing in gun parts that are then inserted into American-made frames. RG Industries, Inc., which is partly controlled by Heinrich and Günter Röhm of the German firm, employs about 200 people to do that kind of assembly work at a shabby white concrete building in the garment district of northwest Miami. The cheap alloy frame is smoothed with a file and then placed on an assembly line where the barrel and German parts are inserted. Then the metal is tinted a dark blue. RG Industries last year sold 190,000 such weapons, making it the nation's fifth largest handgun producer.

Because of its short (1¾-in.) barrel the model RG 14 revolver that Hinckley used cannot be sold legally in the Miami area. The one that Hinckley bought, serial number L731332, was shipped by Southern Gun distributors of nearby Opa-Locka, Fla., directly to Rocky's Pawn Shop on Elm Street in Dallas. This cluttered emporium, only a quarter of a mile from the site where President John Kennedy was shot 17 years ago, has a sticker on the door that reads GUNS DON'T CAUSE CRIME ANY MORE THAN FLIES CAUSE GARBAGE. In the window a red, green, blue and black sign advertises .22-cal. revolvers for $47.

"Hinckley did everything required to buy a gun," says Isaac "Rocky" Goldstein, 70, a cigar-chomping, gray-haired man who has run the shop for 51 years. "People are going to blame us for selling the gun that shot the President, but we have no way of knowing. We don't even remember him." Goldstein, who also sold the small handguns that were used in a series of gang shootings in New York City's Chinatown in 1978, has been shaken by events, however, and now says he is considering getting out of the gun business.

Hinckley purchased the ammunition that was used at another pawn shop, this one in Lubbock, Texas. The type of bullet he chose was interesting—and frightening. The cartridges were Devastators, made by Bingham Ltd. of Norcross, Ga. These projectiles, akin to dumdum bullets, contain a small aluminum canister filled with an explosive compound. They cost at least twelve times as much as ordinary .22-cal. slugs.

Upon impact the unstable compound is supposed to explode and fragment the bullet, although most of the ones that Hinckley shot, including the one that hit Reagan, failed to do so. Bingham spokesmen say that the Devastator was developed for use by sky marshals in hijacking cases. By fragmenting, the bullet would quickly incapacitate a person but would be less likely than an ordinary bullet to pass through him or to puncture the outer skin of an airplane. Because of manufacturing difficulties, the company stopped producing the Devastator last May.



never sensed it was life threatening. He was just pale, shook up." Only after the agents had lifted Reagan onto the table in the trauma unit and scissored off his coat and shirt did anyone realize that the President had been shot.

The first reports all said that the President had escaped harm. Nancy Reagan learned of the shooting minutes after she returned to the White House from a luncheon meeting. Her own Secret Service escorts told her that her husband was at the hospital, but they too were unaware that he had been wounded. She reached the hospital only minutes after his limousine.

The White House staff first learned of the shooting when David Prosperi, one of Brady's assistants, ran to a Hilton telephone. He reached the White House and demanded to talk to Assistant Press Secretary Larry Speakes, shouting: "This is an emergency!" To Speakes, Prosperi cried: "The President has been shot at! And Brady's been shot!" Speakes quickly told Staff Director David Gergen. James Baker, the White House Chief of Staff, was sitting in his office when Gergen rushed in at 2:30 p.m. to shout: "Brady's been hit!"

Peter Teeley, press secretary to Vice President George Bush, immediately placed a radiotelephone call to his boss, who had just left Fort Worth–Dallas airport aboard Air Force Two after speaking to the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association. He was on his way to Austin to address the Texas legislature. Teeley told Bush that the President was not hurt.

Baker rushed to tell Presidential Counsellor Ed Meese the news; Meese too had heard it. He had punched a button on a Secret Service computer that tracks the President; it showed that Reagan was at the hospital. Both hurried to the White House residence to inform Nancy but discovered that she was already on her way to the hospital. Back in his office, Baker took a telephone call from Deaver at the hospital. The President was not wounded, said Deaver, but Brady was badly hurt. "Oh, Jesus!" exclaimed Meese, listening on an extension. Presidential Aide David Fischer took over the telephone at the hospital to keep the line open. Secretary of State Alexander Haig called Baker on another phone to ask about the shooting. "I will keep you advised," said Baker. Two minutes later, Deaver was on the hospital phone, speaking in somber tones. Then Reagan's personal physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, came on to deliver the bad news: the President had been hit after all.

In rapid succession, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan—whose department includes the Secret Service—Haig and others joined the group of White House staffers in Baker's office. Initially, there was little talk of military alerts or providing for a transfer of power; they discussed such matters as notifying Brady's wife and Reagan's children. Meese suggested that he and Baker go to the hospital. It was a questionable move, since it separated the dominant troika (Meese, Baker and Deaver) from the Situation Room in the White House. Recalled one participant: "Meese was like a rock. Baker was shaken."

While the troika set up a mini-command post at the hospital, Haig, Regan, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and National Security Adviser Richard Allen moved to the Situation Room in the White House basement. It has elaborate communications links to U.S. military commanders and embassies throughout the world. CIA Director William Casey and Attorney General William French Smith soon joined the group.

Only Haig had been through a crisis in Government before. One of his first acts was to reach Bush. Since the telephone link was poor, Haig said that he would send a wire by a secure radiophone telecopier that Bush should read immediately. The message: "Mr. Vice President, the President has been struck." Aboard the plane, Bush gave the order: "We're going to refuel in Austin and go back." Then he wondered aloud: "How could anybody want to kill such a kindhearted man?"

When Bush's plane landed in Austin, Secret Service agents insisted he stay on board. Recalled one of his aides there: "The first thing on our minds was security. If they got the President in Washington, were they waiting for the Vice President in Austin?" Texas Governor William Clements and his wife visited Bush as the plane was refueled. Then it headed from Texas back to Washington.

At 3:10 p.m., some 35 minutes after the Secret Service had learned that Reagan had been shot, the White House finally informed the press of the injury. That delay, and others that followed, contributed to a sense of confusion as television networks, breaking off regular programming, struggled to sift fact from rumor.

Haig contributed to the tension when, with the best of intentions, he sought to clear up any potential confusion about whether the U.S. Government was functioning, particularly among America's allies—and enemies—abroad. He was in the Situation Room about 4 p.m. when Speakes gave reporters in the White House a brief explanation of Reagan's presurgery treatment at the hospital. While TV cameras caught the scene, Speakes was asked, "If the President goes into surgery and goes under anesthesia, would Vice President Bush become the acting President at the moment or under what circumstances does he?" Replied Speakes, who was not prepared for the question: "I cannot answer that question at this time." Watching, Haig sent a note to Speakes. It said, in effect: "Get off the air." The delivery of the note alarmed reporters present, particularly when

## Seriously, Folks...

When Nancy Reagan first arrived at George Washington University Hospital, her husband deadpanned: "Honey, I forgot to duck." The President, a onetime radio sportscaster, borrowed that line from Prizefighter Jack Dempsey, who said it to his wife in 1926 after losing the world heavyweight championship to Gene Tunney.

The crack was the first in a barrage of good-humored quips that Reagan tossed off after the shooting. The remarks, made before he had learned that other victims had been critically injured, did much to reassure his family, his staff and the American public that he was still healthy enough to laugh. They were also the envy of at least one other comedian. Said Johnny Carson to his audience at Hollywood's Academy Awards ceremony: "I was tempted to call him and ask if he had any more of those one-liners *I* could use."

Examples of the President's jests:

- To surgeons, as he entered the operating room: "Please tell me you're Republicans."
- In a written note, upon coming out of anesthesia in the recovery room (paraphrasing Comedian W.C. Fields): "All in all, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."
- In another note, recalling a Winston Churchill observation: "There's no more exhilarating feeling than being shot at without result."
- In a third note: "Send me to L.A., where I can see the air I'm breathing."
- In yet another note written while surrounded by medical staff: "If I had this much attention in Hollywood, I'd have stayed there."
- Complimented by a doctor for being a good patient: "I have to be. My father-in-law is a doctor."
- To an attentive nurse: "Does Nancy know about us?"
- To a nurse who told him to "keep up the good work" of his recovery: "You mean this may happen several more times?"
- To Daughter Maureen: The attempted assassination "ruined one of my best suits."
- Greeting White House aides the morning after surgery: "Hi, fellas. I knew it would be too much to hope that we could skip a staff meeting."
- When told by Aide Lyn Nofziger that the Government was running normally: "What makes you think I'd be happy about that?"

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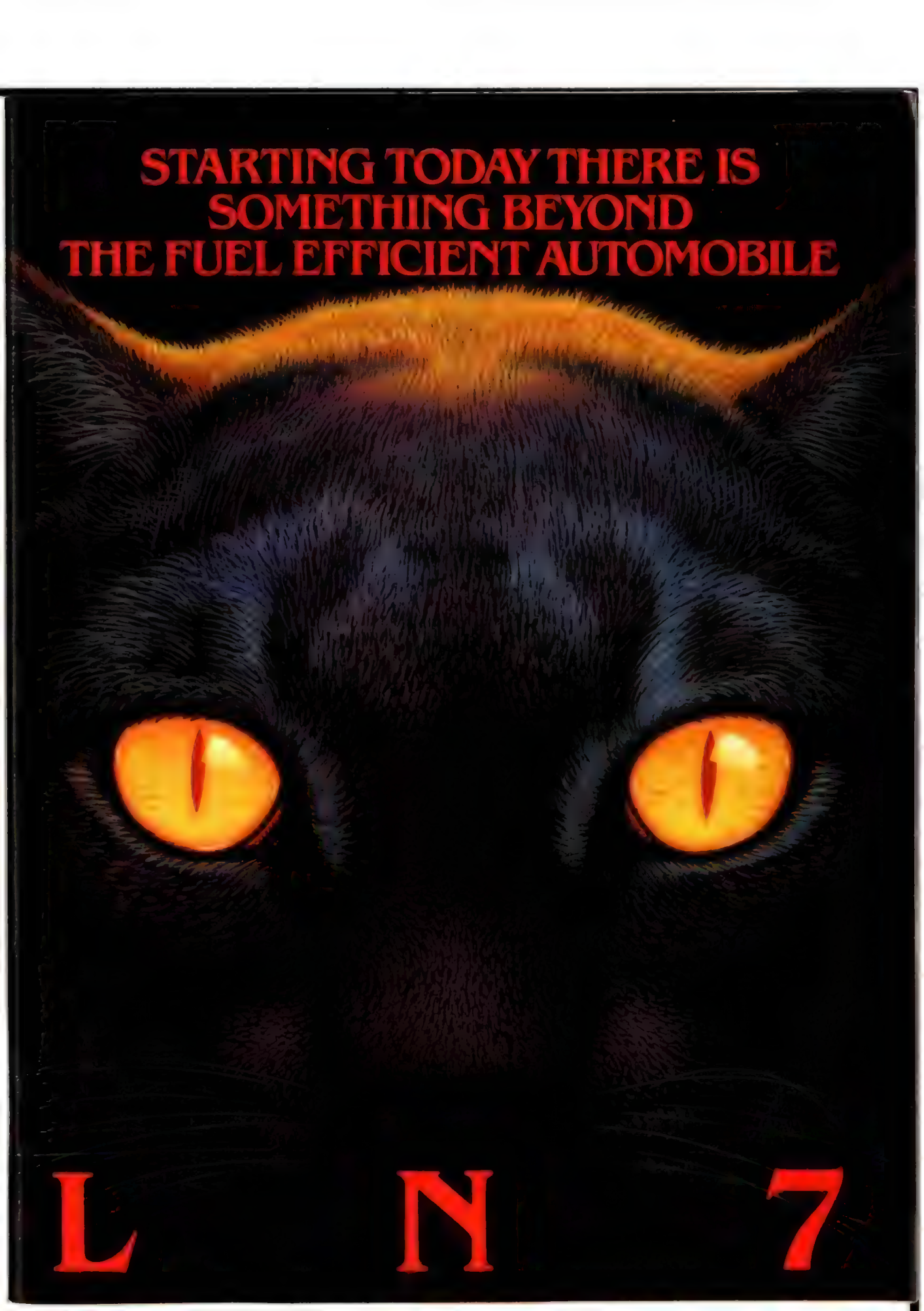

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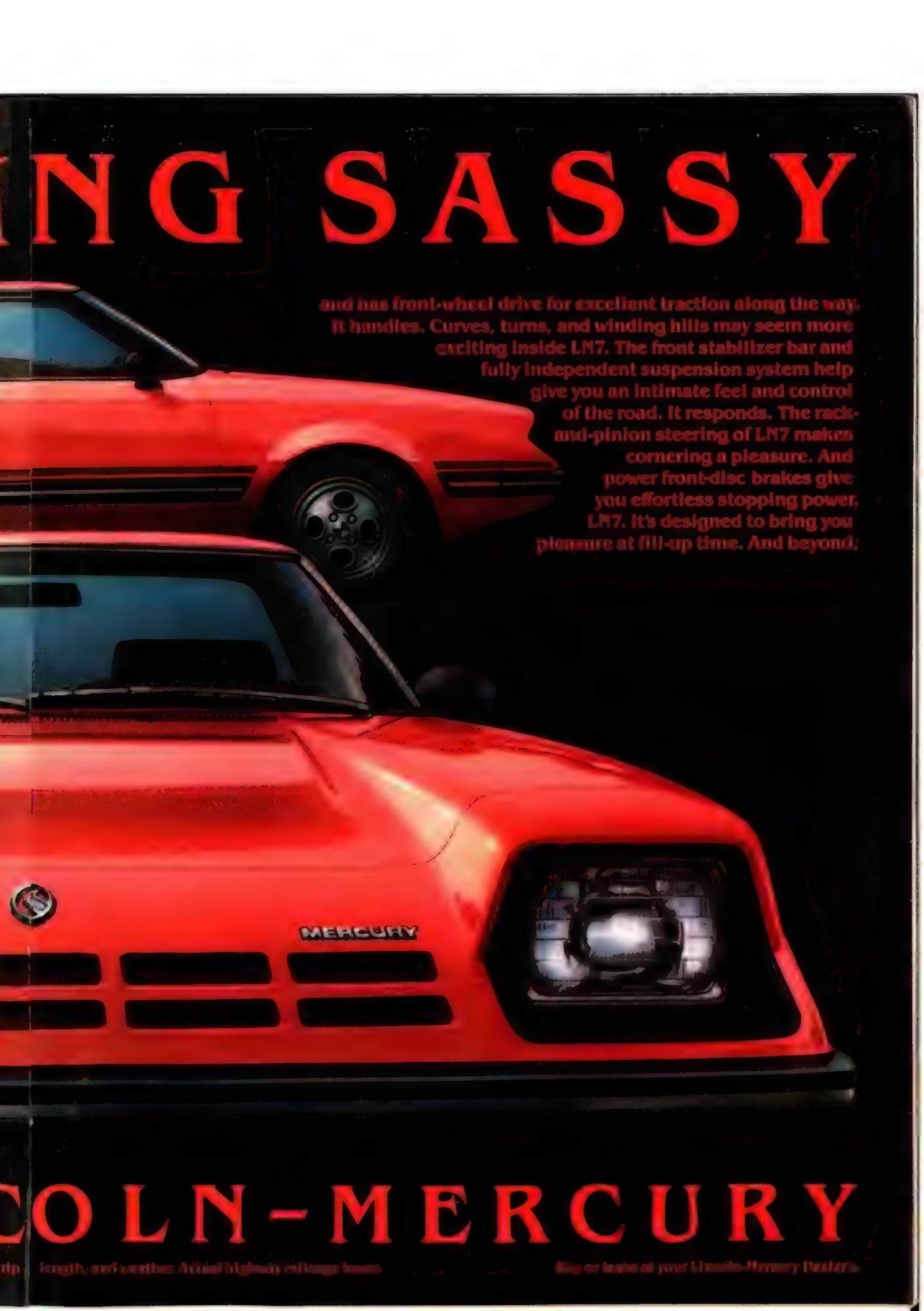


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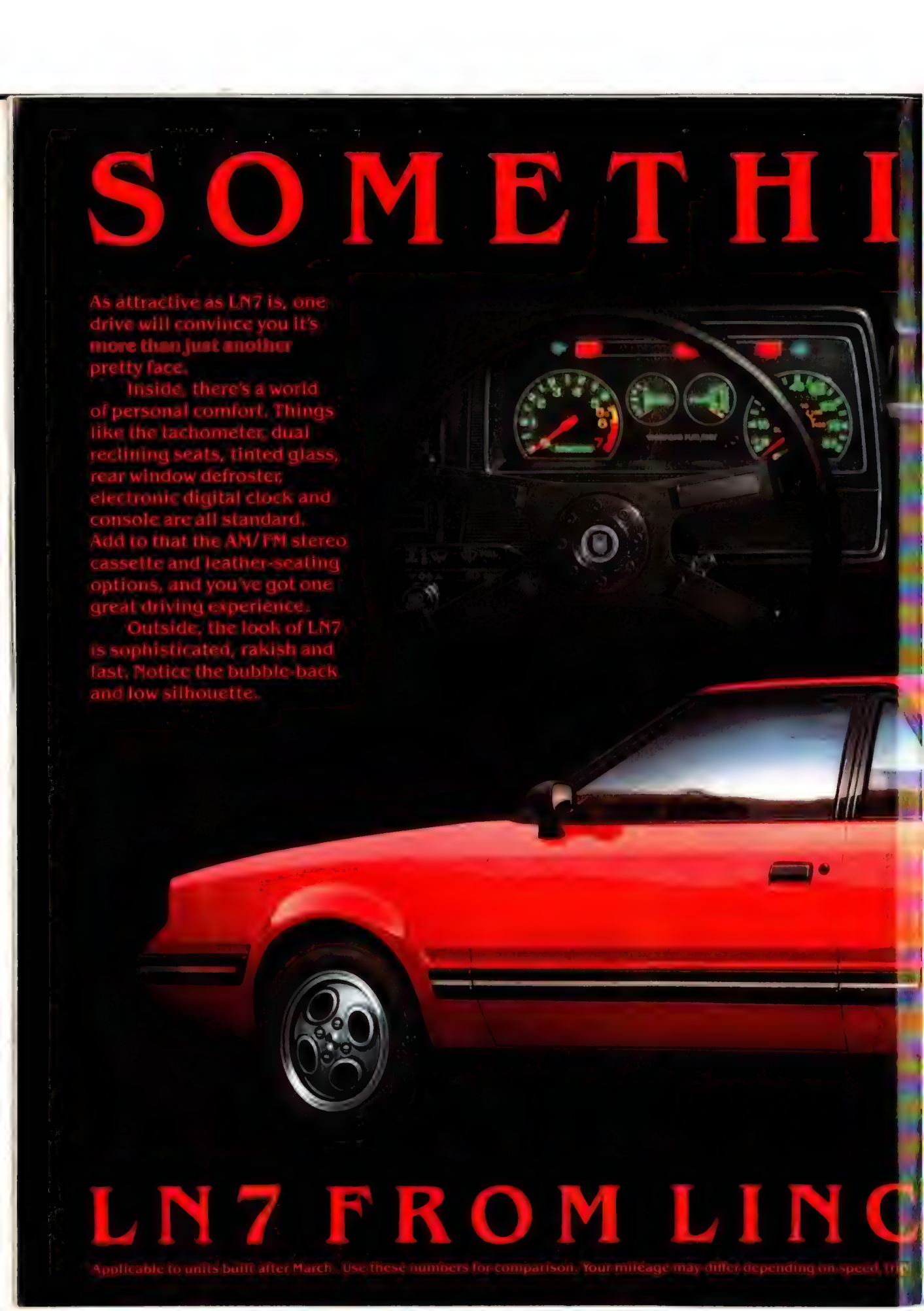

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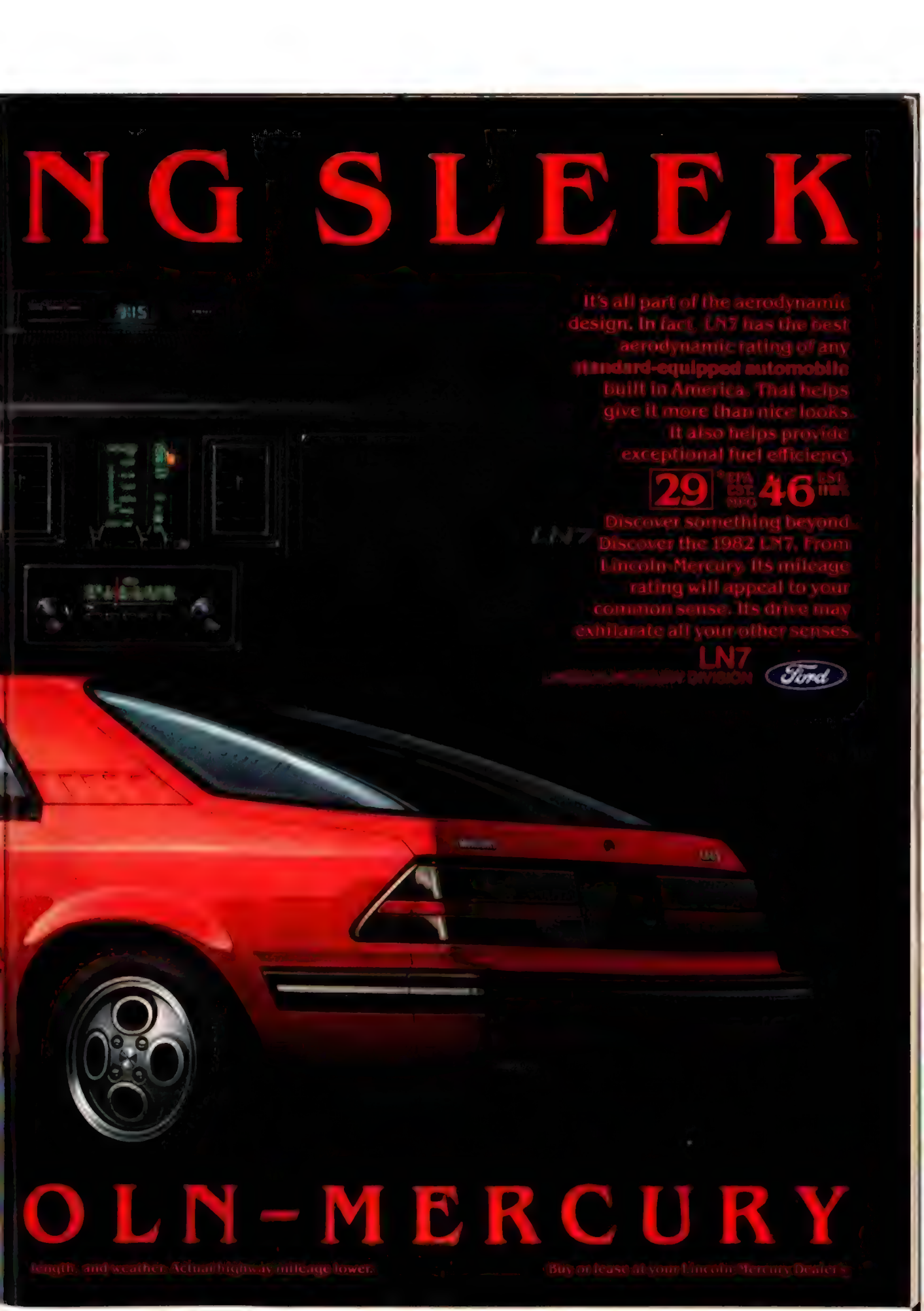

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Speakes understandably refused to disclose its contents and left the rostrum.

Haig felt that any uncertainty over who was in charge could be dangerous. He rushed upstairs to the briefing room and tried to convey a sense of calm. Instead, he was perspiring, his voice shook, and his hands trembled. He assured reporters that there was no command vacancy, that communications were open with the Vice President, and that no special military-alert measures were necessary. But then he blundered. Asked, "Who's making the decisions?" he replied: "Constitutionally, gentlemen, you have the President, the Vice President and the Secretary of State in that order and should the President decide he wants to transfer the helm to the Vice President, he will do so. He has not done that. As of now, I am in control here, in the White House, pending return of the Vice President."

That, of course, is not the constitutional order of succession; both the Speaker of the House and the President pro tem of the Senate, as elected officials, rank ahead of the Secretary of State. Perhaps realizing his mistake, Haig was annoyed minutes later when Weinberger interrupted Haig's discussion in the Situation Room about the succession provisions of the 25th Amendment. With a slight edge in his voice, Weinberger said jokingly, "Al, we already heard you explain your view of the Constitution." Haig stopped and glared at the Defense Secretary. "You should check the Constitution," Haig replied. Everyone in the room sensed the tension. Then the moment passed.

Far more soothing to a wondering nation was the surprisingly agile and articulate medical briefing at George Washington University Hospital. It was given by Dr. Dennis O'Leary, a former Marine major who has taught medicine at George Washington since 1973 and is now dean for clinical affairs. Handling repetitive and sometimes inane questions with precision and amiability, O'Leary insisted that the President "was at no time in any serious danger. He has a clear head and should be able to make decisions by tomorrow."

*At Washington police headquarters, Hinckley, sweating but mostly silent, was held in a third-floor homicide squad room while federal and local officials decided who had jurisdiction in his case. The feds won, and Hinckley was photographed and fingerprinted by the FBI. At 11:52 p.m. the heavily guarded Hinckley was whisked into a U.S. district courtroom to be charged formally with the attempted assassination of the President, a crime carrying a maximum life sentence upon conviction, and assaulting a federal officer. Before dawn, he was moved into a small prison cell at the Marine Correctional Facility in Quantico, Va. Just two weeks ago Reagan had gone horseback riding at Quantico.*

*Early Tuesday morning, Reagan asked about the man who had shot him, phrasing the question in his usual casual manner: "Does anybody know what that guy's beef was?" Later in the day, Dr. Ruge told Reagan for the first time that three others had been wounded. Said Reagan: "That means four bullets hit, good Lord." He wondered if the gunman had fired deliberately at the others or whether they had been struck by shots aimed at him. "I didn't want a supporting cast," he said. His eyes filled with tears as he talked about the others. "I guess it goes with the territory," he said sadly.*

As news of the shooting flashed around the world, many nations expressed sympathy for the President but predictably criticized the American tendency toward mayhem. "I pray your injuries are not serious," cabled Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt relayed his "deep horror," and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat his "extreme shock and sorrow." Japan's largest daily, *Yomiuri Shimbun*, said the attack "proves that violence is deep-rooted in U.S. soil." West Germany's *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* charged that America is "a country of pistols on hips." Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev expressed his "indignation" at "this criminal act" and wished Reagan "a full and speedy recovery." Meanwhile the Communist Party youth newspaper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, depicted the U.S. as a society "where terror is a phenomenon of daily life." And Iran's Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini said about Reagan, even before he knew the President was not seriously hurt: "We are not going to mourn for him."

Abroad, as in the U.S., there was a sense of déjà vu. "Oh no, not again!" said a man in Helsinki as he picked up a newspaper at a kiosk. A newspaper in Athens charged that—what else?—the CIA was responsible.

At home, former Presidential Candidate John Anderson declared that "we are all diminished, we are all demeaned, by an act of violence of that kind." The *Wall Street Journal* observed in an editorial that "the forces that move men to violence seem to be on the upsurge" and "we are dismayed at our impotence before them." Noted the Los Angeles *Times*: "Doctors said . . . that he was in stable condition. The country is not." Admiration for the President's courage and calm under fire, as well as for

## "Part of the Job"

Should Ronald Reagan, once he recovers, change his style and mingle less with the public to minimize the risk of possible future attempts on his life? Certainly not, says a man who should know: former President Gerald Ford. Within a span of only 17 days in 1975, two women, Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme and Sara Jane Moore, tried to shoot Ford in California. Last week he shared his thoughts on the dangers of the presidency with TIME West Coast Bureau Chief Ben Cate. After the two incidents in 1975, said Ford, "I didn't change my style, and I don't think any President should." To do so, he said, would be to "capitulate to the wrong forces in the country."

The ever-present threat of assassination is "part of the job—the peril of the profession, if you will," said Ford. "There's no way you can get 100% security unless you sit in the White House immunized. But you can't isolate yourself. The job entails certain responsibilities. One of those responsibilities is moving around seeing people and appearing in public. If you're in the job, you have to accept that gamble."

D. GORTON—THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Sarah Brady, at left of Bush (with notebook), outside her husband's hospital room**

*Said a shocked and tearful President: "I didn't want a supporting cast."*

the vitality of his 70-year-old physique, was widespread but not universal. At the Academy Central School in Tulsa, a few students clapped and cheered when they heard news of the assassination attempt.

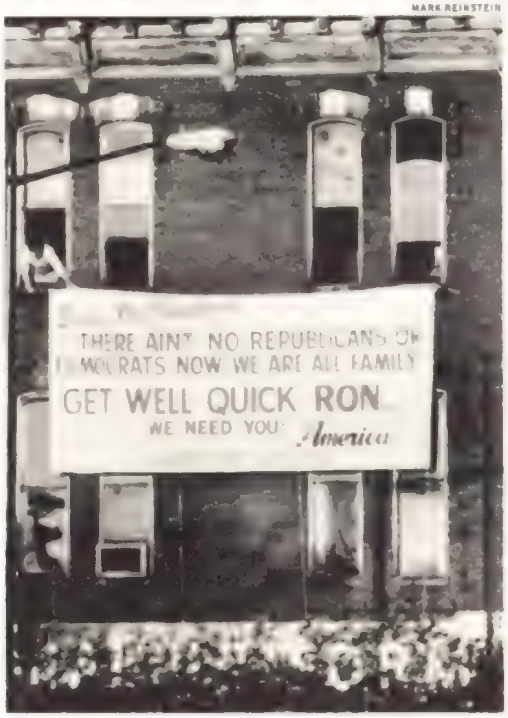
Former President Carter praised the Secret Service and said the assault showed again the need for gun control. A surprising possible convert to that cause was South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond, who said he is at least willing to consider banning the importation of parts for Saturday night specials. Senator Edward Kennedy said he would again propose legislation to outlaw totally the manufacture and sale of that type of gun. But Carter noted that members of Congress "didn't move after 1963. They didn't move when George Wallace was attacked. And they didn't move after Bobby Kennedy was killed. These guns that are only used to kill someone, not for hunting, ought to be regulated, but I predict they won't be."

Within moments of Hinckley's arrest the FBI dispatched its agents to weave a net of evidence that would form the legal case against him. They found the unmailed letter to Jodie Foster in his Washington hotel room —a note that amounted to a highly explicit confession. The investigators also found a tape recording of telephone conversations between Hinckley and a woman who might have been Foster; it is possible that Hinckley made the calls anonymously. Thrust innocently into a national spotlight she had not sought, the actress held a news conference at Yale to confirm that she had received many "unsolicited" love notes from Hinckley. None had mentioned the President, she said, and none had contained any hints of violence. But the letters became so persistent that last month she gave the ones she had not earlier destroyed to her college dean. He turned them over to campus police, who found nothing in them that would warrant warning anyone else about Hinckley. The FBI now has these letters.

Demonstrating the importance of registering handgun sales, the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms within minutes discovered where Hinckley had purchased the weapon: at Rocky's Pawn Shop in Dallas. If Hinckley had somehow eluded capture, tracing this sale would have given the FBI the gunman's identity.

FBI agents are convinced that there was no plot, no conspiracy and that Hinckley had acted on his own. Nonetheless, they were busy tracing his past connections with the Chicago-based National Socialist Party of America. A neo-Nazi group, it claims to have expelled him in 1979 for being "too militant." Agents were also puzzling over evidence suggesting that the suspect may have been stalking Reagan in Washington last December, and that someone was expecting him in the city just before the shooting. In Hinckley's hotel room, police and FBI agents found clippings from a Dec. 10 article in the Washington *Post*. The next day Reagan visited the Hilton to address a meeting convened by the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank. Reagan left the hotel through the same exit he used when Hinckley tried to kill him. Agents so far have been unable to trace the two calls Hinckley made after checking into the Park Central. Hotel employees said two calls were made to his room. One was a wrong number —a woman trying to reach a relative who was registered elsewhere in the hotel. The other was from an unidentified woman who asked for Hinckley by name.

MARK REINSTEIN




**A message to Reagan on the wall of a Washington factory**

*"Guns that are only used to kill ought to be registered."*

The rapidity of the shots fired at the Hilton made it difficult for the FBI to pinpoint the sequence of the multiple wounding. Studying the video tapes and the ballistics evidence, the FBI tentatively concluded that Reagan was hit after he had been doubled over by Agent Parr and was being pushed into his car. In a freak bit of chance, the bullet apparently bounced off the car's window frame and through the narrow gap between the open door and the car body.

But had the Secret Service done all it could to protect the President? As congressional committees began a series of post-assault probes, there was lavish praise for Agent McCarthy, who had stepped into the line of fire at the risk of his own life. Agent Parr too was complimented for his fast reaction. Contended one veteran agent: "Everyone did exactly what he was supposed to do. It was like watching a training film."

Still, how did the gunman get so close? He carried no press credentials, which accredited reporters and cameramen wear about their necks and are supposed to keep visible at all times. The Secret Service insists there was no intention to create a closed press area at the Hilton site. The spectators were not considered intruders. Why was not the presidential car parked directly in front of the exit, instead of 15 ft. away? The Service claimed that the positioning permitted a faster exit and was normal. "They are wrong," insists TIME Photographer Dirck Halstead. "I've covered that exit many times, and the President's car was always right in front of it."

Secret Service Chief H. Stuart Knight indirectly criticized the FBI for failing to inform the Service that Hinckley had been arrested at the Nashville airport for carrying three handguns in his briefcase on Oct. 9. On that day Jimmy Carter had been in the city to make a campaign speech at the Grand Ole Opry house. Yet there was no evidence that Hinckley had been tracking Carter.

*Spirited into a helicopter at the Quantico base by FBI agents, who made him bend over and run, Hinckley late last week was flown to an Army post near Washington. There he was transferred to a limousine and brought in handcuffs to a federal courtroom under security so tight that even the clerk of court had to show identification. A paramedic with an oxygen tank sat behind Hinckley in the courtroom. A court-appointed psychiatrist, Dr. James L. Evans, testified that his three-hour examination of Hinckley showed he was "mentally competent to stand trial." District Court Chief Judge William B. Bryant ordered that the suspect be examined further to establish his mental condition. Hinckley's family had hired the firm headed by Defense Attorney Edward Bennett Williams to represent their son; the lawyers argued that any such examination should be done first by defense-chosen experts. Bryant denied the request but assured defense attorneys that their psychiatrists would have "equal access" to Hinckley.*

*Finally John W. Hinckley Jr. was flown by helicopter to the Federal Correctional Institution in Butner, N.C., where psychiatric examinations could take up to three months. The legal question may turn out to be whether he was sane at the time of the crime. The larger question for the U.S. was whether the course of its history must continue to be influenced by the mental misfits in its midst.* —**By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Johanna McGeary/Washington**

# An Interview with Nancy Reagan

*"All you're thinking is you've got to hold yourself together . . ."*

Control. Along with cool charm, good looks and an obsessive desire to walk in her husband's shadow, control is a buttress of Nancy Reagan's persona. That willed restraint is visible in hurly-burly crowd scenes, in interviews that usually leave reporters unsatisfied and on the rare occasions when she speaks from a platform. And the control is there just four days after the attempt on her husband's life as she greets a correspondent in the East Wing sitting room on the second floor of the White House. The chamber has been Reaganized. There are two jars of jelly beans and a dish of bonbons. A pair of massive traditional sofas has come cross country from their former home in Pacific Palisades.

The First Lady's friends say that she feels "guilty" about being elsewhere* when the slug tore into Reagan's left side. She has spent the week visiting hospital rooms—the President's and those of the three men shot with him. She has been consoling Sarah Brady, knowing that a slight change in the angle of the gun barrel could have laid Reagan as low as Jim Brady, or worse.

But her smile is as warm as the sunshine that engulfs the room. In a beige tweed skirt and tasteful silk blouse, with every dark blond hair in place and her huge hazel eyes clear, Nancy Reagan looks as much like spring as the tulips and hyacinths that festoon the room. And when she starts talking, the control is there. No, she had not worried much about physical assault, not any more. Reagan had been threatened frequently while Governor in Sacramento; in 1968 a security man shot at someone trying to fire-bomb the Governor's residence. "It was the tenor of the times," she says of that period. "But during the past campaign, and certainly since the election, the only thing we felt was such warmth and affection that [fear of attack] wasn't up front."

Her restraint begins to dissolve as she goes over the events of Bloody Monday. She was on the third floor of the mansion, in guest quarters that are still being renovated, when a Secret Service agent told her: "There has been a shooting. The President has not been hit, but he is at the hospital." She decided to leave immediately, even though, as she recalls it, she was told, "It is such bedlam there, so much confusion, maybe it would be better if you stayed here a while."

When she arrived outside the emergency room she was at first informed, by Mike Deaver, that Reagan had been wounded, but only slightly. Her worry escalated slowly. Moments later, doctors told them that it was more serious than Deaver had thought, and she saw her pale, prostrate husband.

What did she feel? Fear? Anger? "There's an unreal kind of feeling . . . It's hard to describe. There's an unrealness to it . . ." Nancy Reagan gropes for words, something rare for her. Usually she dismisses an unwelcome question politely, as if it were a boring suitor. This time she seems as interested in finding the answer as the reporter is.

"You're frightened, sure," she says finally. "Of course you're frightened, especially because he was having trouble breathing. But it just seemed so unreal. And I guess you . . . must go into a sort of a . . ."

The thought trails off. She sighs. She hugs herself with both arms as if to feel the image before she speaks it. "Then all you're thinking is you've got to hold yourself together and not be a bother to anybody so that they can do whatever has to be done."

WALLY MC NAMEE

**The First Lady bringing jelly beans to the hospital**

*In between the concessions and the demands.*

What had to be done at that moment was an exploration for abdominal bleeding. Nancy's recollections now rush out. "They put me in a tiny, tiny little room, really tiny, no window, and it was hot. There were so many people running back and forth in the halls, police and doctors and a lot of noise, a lot of people shouting, 'Get back, get out of the way.' " Then she went to the hospital chapel to say a prayer and weep a little.

Nancy and the man she still insists on calling Ronnie have been as close as any couple can be in politics. She travels with him constantly, she fusses over small details of his care and feeding, she casts looks of adoration or amusement, as the scene demands. Now, in the worst moments of their 29-year marriage, she was demoted to spectator. That passed in a few hours. The day after, she was bringing him jelly beans and his slippers. She also accompanied the White House physician, Daniel Ruge, when he told Reagan that Jim Brady had been seriously wounded. Reagan turned teary-eyed at the news.

All week two schools of thought were in conflict: a concession that attacks on the President are inevitable *vs.* outraged demands that something —anything—be done. Reagan's eldest child, Maureen, went on television to pronounce her angry demand that violence be quelled by public indignation. Where does Nancy stand? "I guess I'm somewhere in between there." Her composure is back and for once she ventures into what she usually pretends is *terra incognita* for her, public policy. The excursion is signaled with an apologetic little laugh. "You know, I'd be happier if they didn't make the violent movies that they make and maybe titillate people who are not mentally stable. I'd be happier if sentences . . . if people were brought to trial more quickly and if the whole thing [criminal justice] were tightened up. I think that would certainly be an improvement."

What about the ubiquity of psychopaths and firearms? The answer is rapid: "You know Ronnie's position. He just doesn't believe that's where the problem is." In fact, she notes, Reagan mentioned his continued opposition to gun control to several visitors in his hospital room.

Her husband's convalescence will dominate Nancy Reagan's next several weeks. Eventually there will be trips and public appearances. Maybe she will nag Reagan about wearing a bulletproof vest, as he occasionally did during the presidential campaign. But will they be able to go into crowds comfortably again? "Well, I don't know how it's going to feel the first time. I don't know. It really comes down to this: you have a job to do and you do it the best you can. Time will tell if it's going to be harder." Certainly Nancy Reagan will need all the control she has.

***—By Laurence I. Barrett***

*Mrs. Reagan had attended a luncheon at the Georgetown home of Michael Ainsley, president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. She returned to the White House minutes before the attack

The stalker at his quarry's home: an undated photograph of John W. Hinckley Jr. sitting outside the White House grounds

# A Drifter Who Stalked Success

*"Something happened to that boy in the last six years"*

It cannot be said fairly that John Warnock Hinckley Jr., 25, was destined for infamy. He is accused of a shooting that, perhaps even to him, is a surprise; the first openly extraordinary act of his life. This son of Sunbelt affluence —blond, blue-eyed, with the fleshy good looks of a country club lay-about—had never been outwardly quirky or unpleasant. His unremarkability confounds the desire for tidy, comforting explanations. Says a family friend: "There but for the grace of God goes anyone's kid." Beverly McBeath was no friend at Highland Park (Texas) High School, but she speaks for all her schoolmates when she recalls that John Hinckley was "so normal he appeared to fade into the woodwork." Nonetheless, some time in the barren years since his 1973 graduation from high school, Hinckley went beyond mere ordinariness. His solitude and fecklessness became chronic, and he started drifting: to seedy neighborhoods in Los Angeles and Denver, toward fascism, and then to his climactic infatuations with handguns and a teen-age movie star. Says his father's business associate Clarence Netherland: "Something happened to that boy in the last six to eight years to break him from the family tradition and the family life-style." In fact, John Hinckley's past years seem not to constitute a break so much as Hollywood's slow fade to black.

John Jr. was Jack and JoAnn Hinckley's last child. He was born on May 29, 1955, in the southern Oklahoma town of Ardmore, where his father worked as a petroleum engineer. Two years later Hinckley Sr. took a job in Dallas, 100 miles south. The growing family was good-looking and healthy and Protestant, and all five settled down to life in University Park, a moneyed Dallas suburb of broad lawns and handsome houses. The Hinckleys are "a fine Christian family," according to one friend, and regular churchgoers; it was fitting that their first home in Dallas was a former parsonage. Scott, now 32, ever the good eldest child, sought and won parental approbation; Diane, now 28, was exceptionally blond and pretty in a neighborhood of blond, pretty little girls; and John, never a problem, joined the Y.M.C.A.'s Indian Guides and distinguished himself in grammar-school sports. Recalls Jim Francis, John's basketball coach for three years during elementary school: "He was a beautiful-looking little boy, a wonderful athlete, really a leader. He was the best basketball player on the team." No wonder the father of such a child, told years later that his son was being held as an assassin, would scowl in disbelief "It had to be a stolen ID."

In 1966 the Hinckleys traded up: they moved to Highland Park, the neighborhood-of-choice for *haute* Dallas. The house on Beverly Drive where John Jr. spent the years of his adolescence is large, with a sweeping circular driveway in front and a swimming pool out back.

He was not a troublesome teen-ager or even a loner. Indeed, in the seventh and ninth grades he was elected president of his home room, and as an eighth-grader managed the basketball team. John Hinckley was no aloof oddball then. Says his junior-high friend Kirk Dooley: "No one rooted louder than Hinckley for the Highland Park Red Raiders."

By 1970 John's father had amassed capital of $120,000 and set up his own oil exploration business. Hinckley Oil, now known as Vanderbilt Energy Corp., affirmed the man's entrepreneurial mettle. And Son Scott, an engineering major at Vanderbilt University, would soon join his dad's wildcat enterprise.

In the fall of 1970, John Jr. began classes at Highland Park High School, where his sister was a senior. That year Diane Hinckley apparently burst forth as a campus star; she performed in a school operetta, she was head cheerleader, homecoming queen candidate, vice president of the choir, member of both the student council and the A-students' National Honor Society. There are at least ten pictures of her in the yearbook, which cited her as one of the class's eight "favorites." She was a formidable sibling presence for Sophomore John.

Hinckley in a recent ID photo

During his junior year John was a member of the civic affairs club, and as a senior he was in the Rodeo Club, which organized barbecues, square dances and junkets to rodeos. In his yearbook John's roster of activities was scanty but

unembarrassing, just as his senior-picture hair length seemed perfectly median, neither long nor short. Bill Lierman, the Rodeo Club's sponsor, recalled nothing untoward. Says Lierman: "He wasn't a rowdy. He got along fine with all the kids." And a sampling of schoolmates' reminiscences shows a consensus. David Wildman, the basketball captain, calls him "a middle-of-the-roader."

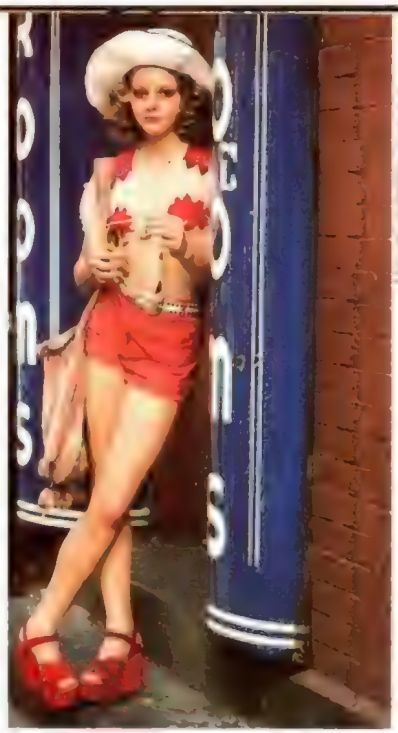
Only Sally Bentley, 26, disputes the hazy image of genial blandness. "He was well known because his sister was well known," says the woman. "John was mousy. His sister was friendly and cute and alive. I thought he was sour about that. John never did anything outstanding or memorable."

Lubbock, dry and bleak, is 318 miles from Dallas on the flat cap rock of west Texas. The population is 180,000, and 22,000 are Texas Tech students. John Hinckley Jr. was one of them, a business major, as of September 1973. He never finished, but over the next seven years Hinckley attended classes more than half the time. By 1977 he had dropped business in favor of liberal arts and earned at least a B average—good enough to be on the dean's list. But once away from home, he made not even a token effort to fashion a social life. Says a Texas Tech spokesman: "We can't find a single university-recognized activity he participated in."

In 1975, John's parents moved to Evergreen, Colo., a Ponderosa town some 25 miles outside Denver. It is that city's choicest mountain suburb: a place of steep, piney cul-de-sacs and well-to-do placidity. On some of his periodic sabbaticals from Texas Tech, John Jr. alighted at the new family home, and while there he often loitered at the local high school, presumably seeking companionship.

Not a single pal or girlfriend has turned up from those seven sketchy years at Texas Tech. His few acquaintances recall Hinckley as an expressionless blank. Still he caused no alarm. Says German History Professor Otto Nelson: "I never picked up anything unusual or bizarre about him. He never asked a thing in class." (Hinckley did, however, choose to specialize: one paper focused on Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, his other on Auschwitz.) Says Mark Swafford, one of his Lubbock landlords: "I only saw him with another human being one time." Hinckley's student life was a sad, remote vigil. "Everywhere there were empty bags from hamburger joints and cartons of ice cream," says Swafford. "He just sat there the whole time, staring at the TV."

In late 1976 Hinckley went to California. He intended, John Sr. told a friend, to "crash Hollywood." He ended up at Howard's Weekly Apartments, in the seamy Selma Avenue district of Los Angeles—a street market for whores, drugs and every kind of sleaze. Perhaps during this period Hinckley developed his obsession with Actress Jodie Foster. Consider the plot parallels of the movie *Taxi Driver*, starring Foster as a prostitute and released just before Hinckley left for Los Angeles. The film, according to a synopsis, concerns "a loner incapable of communicating," who "usually spends his off hours . . . eating junk food or sitting alone in a dingy room." When the protagonist is scorned by Foster's character, he mails her a letter and sets out to kill a presidential candidate. The coincidences are powerful and given credence by a letter that Scriptwriter Paul Schrader got last fall—from J.W. Hinckley. Schrader told TIME he thought the letter was from a smitten groupie who wanted to meet Foster, and he had his secretary throw it away.



**Jodie Foster as prostitute in *Taxi Driver***

*A desperate, deluded infatuation*

Hinckley returned to Texas Tech during 1977, but his enrollment lapsed again during 1978. It was then that he began his flirtation with Nazism. According to Michael Allen, president of the National Socialist Party of America, Hinckley was a member of the sect for more than a year, and in March 1978 marched in a Nazi parade in St. Louis. Allen claims they kicked Hinckley out in 1979. Allen's explanation: "When somebody comes to us and starts advocating shooting people, it's a natural reaction: the guy's either a nut or a federal agent." Hinckley was a voracious reader of newspapers, so it is logical that his affiliation with the Nazis began in early 1978: it was then that a spate of national news stories appeared about the National Socialists, mostly involving their planned marches through the heavily Jewish community of Skokie, Ill.

After more than a year's hiatus from Texas Tech—a period of deepening disturbance for Hinckley—he registered for classes in September 1979. He also began his acquisition of firearms with a .38-cal. pistol, purchased in Lubbock, where a year later he bought two new .22 pistols at a pawnshop. When the 1980 summer session ended, Hinckley left Texas Tech for good to begin his last addled ramble around the country. His path seems one of accelerating aimlessness and fragmentation.

Hinckley found himself in New Haven, Conn., in September—within days after Foster's matriculation at Yale—and boasted to strangers that they were lovers. In October he returned to New Haven and left several notes for Foster at her dormitory.

A few days later, Hinckley was arrested—and promptly released on $50 bond—at Nashville Airport as he attempted to board a flight for New York City: in his carry-on luggage were three handguns and 50 rounds of ammunition. Although President Carter was making a campaign appearance in Nashville the same day, the Secret Service was never told of Hinckley's airport arrest. This may be the first clear, though unheeded, signal of Hinckley as stalker.

Four days later in Dallas he bought a pair of .22-cal. revolvers at a pawnshop. Within a week Hinckley had surfaced in Denver, where he applied for jobs at two

**Cedar and moss-rock Hinckley home in Evergreen, Colo., a Denver suburb**

# Those Dangerous Loners

"I must have fame, fame!" cried John Wilkes Booth, and then established himself as the first of the modern American assassins. Though full of fustian about his love for the Confederacy (he managed to avoid fighting for it, or even living in it, during the Civil War), Booth was clear-headed and precise about the psychic rewards and second-hand renown that come with dispatching a famous man. "What a glorious opportunity for a man to immortalize himself by killing Abraham Lincoln!" he remarked two years before his crime.

Oswald

Like Booth and unlike most assassins elsewhere in the world, Americans who try to kill the famous are engaged primarily in psychodrama rather than political drama. They do not seem to care much whether their victim belongs to the left or the right. Arthur Bremer, who crippled George Wallace, thought first of killing George McGovern. Lee Harvey Oswald apparently shot at General Edwin Walker, a right-wing fanatic, before killing President Kennedy. Giuseppe Zangara, who took aim at President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933 (accidentally killing the mayor of Chicago), said that he would just as soon have killed Herbert Hoover.

Most, but not all, American assassins fit this group portrait: a young white male, a failure and a drifter, unloved and unloving; sexually dissatisfied, he has little or no contact with women. Ordinary murderers often come from violent homes or were violent as youngsters. But the assassins are deceptively calm, even passive. The pattern is that of shy, well-behaved, often mousy loners, whose efforts to control themselves succeed, until pressures explode in an assassination attempt.

Most assassins seem to have been the equivalent of "model prisoners" in their own families, diminished by a powerful parent, unable to express themselves or let out their normal aggressive and sexual feelings. When the demons inside finally burst through, an ordinary victim would not do. The target had to be as far above the average citizen as the parent was above the assassin-son.

Many have zigzagged from city to city, partly to stalk their targets in an eery dance of death—drawing close, then pulling away—and partly to express in frantic motion a personality threatened with disintegration. Oswald traveled to the Soviet Union, New Orleans and Mexico; John Lennon's accused killer, Mark Chapman, moved from Tennessee to Atlanta to Honolulu and New York.

Bremer

Lacking in self-esteem, many have donned and doffed different identities like costumes. Some have tried to weave identities out of fictional strands. Bremer imagined himself as the son of Actress Donna Reed. Sara Jane Moore, who tried to shoot President Ford, thought of herself as a Halo shampoo girl. The movie *Taxi Driver* wove together many themes found in the lives of American assassins. A taxi driver (played by Robert De Niro), obsessed with shooting a presidential candidate and protecting a young prostitute (Jodie Foster), beset by aggressive urges as well as sexual ones (coded in the film as a pure-hearted defense of a prostitute), finds an acceptable resolution: he spares the candidate and instead shoots the girl's pimp and one of her johns, thus symbolically killing his lust and emerging in his own eyes as something of a hero.

Assassins have rarely shown remorse after their killings. They have, however, been generally interested in explaining their acts and claiming to have played a historic role. Zangara went quietly to the electric chair and lost his composure only at the last minute when he learned no photographers were there to record the scene. Some psychiatrists say the assassin homes in on his target, not just to seize some of the victim's fame but to achieve, at long last, a permanent identity. "They can gas me, but I am famous," said Sirhan Sirhan. "I have achieved in one day what it took Robert Kennedy all his life to do."

Chapman

Several assassins have conveniently left behind incriminating diaries and letters. Some have also left behind books and clippings of previous assassinations, a reminder that these murders, like hijackings, can break out in mini-epidemics. Who knows? Another awkward loner may today be cutting out articles about John W. Hinckley Jr.

newspapers, claiming to one that he had just finished a month of classes at Yale. A few weeks later, in a Denver suburb, he attended two meetings of the right-wing National Association for Constitutional Government. In December, the FBI suspects, Hinckley visited Washington, but in January he was back in the Denver area, where, on Reagan's first full day in office, Hinckley bought a .38-cal. revolver. In February he returned to New Haven a third time, and then perhaps to Washington.

By the first of March, Hinckley was again in New Haven; he delivered more missives to Foster. Back in Denver a week later, he checked into a shabby motel. Says one of the motel's maids: "He didn't say much, but he was nice to everyone —just a clean-cut, good-living kid." In his first days in Denver he applied for a job at a record shop and pawned his typewriter and electric guitar.

On March 25, Hinckley flew to Los Angeles via Salt Lake City, and the next day boarded a bus headed back to Salt Lake City—and on to Washington, D.C.

For perhaps the past six months, John Hinckley was under sporadic treatment by Evergreen Psychiatrist John Hopper. No one but Dr. Hopper may be equipped to sketch a psychiatric profile of Reagan's attacker. But particularly after the release of the final letter that Hinckley wrote to Foster, many psychiatrists have been willing to conjecture. Dr. Thomas Gutheil, of the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, says that Hinckley may be a victim of erotomania in one of its forms: obsession with a celebrity.

Harvard Psychiatry Professor Donald Russell believes that Reagan, not Foster, was central to Hinckley's psychology, and several colleagues also doubt the importance of the movie-star crush. Says Russell: "He was obviously out to get these father figures." Hinckley's eclipse by an elder sibling was critical, says Chicago Psychiatrist Irving Harris. "The young brother tends to be overshadowed. If the man can't find a socially accepted channel, he can become an assassin." Dr. James Gilligan, another Harvard professor, finds Hinckley's insanity improbable. Says he: "Most violence is not done by truly psychotic people. They are not completely normal, but that doesn't mean they are crazy." Dr. Gutheil cautions that no accurate explanation is apt to be simple: more likely in Hinckley's mind was a dissonant snarl of emotions and delusions, which in concert led him to Washington.

Indeed, any explanation at all can smack of the pat. The consequence of lives like John Hinckley Jr.'s may be to amend a patriotic platitude. Perhaps not every little boy can grow up to be President, but he can, for the price of a pistol, grow up to be a presidential assassin. *—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Richard C. Woodbury/Evergreen and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Lubbock*

# Protecting the President

*New questions about whether the Secret Service can do better*

"If anyone wants to do it, no amount of protection is enough. All a man needs is a willingness to trade his life for mine." So observed President John F. Kennedy less than a month before his words came tragically true. After last week's attempt on the life of Ronald Reagan, the question is again being asked with great urgency: What can be done, if anything, to better protect an American President from the risk of assassination?

In an attempt to find answers, two congressional committees began hearings last week to investigate the role of the Secret Service in providing such protection. At the same time, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan has ordered his own review of the agency, which is part of his department. More than likely the inquiries will not solve a basic dilemma: How to guard a President as fully as possible in an open society? Says a longtime Secret Service official: "It may be unsolvable: Can you stop a free individual in a free society, who is willing to take that ultimate risk, and still avoid a police state?"

Founded in 1865 to combat the rising tide of counterfeit "greenbacks" then flooding the country, the agency now numbers some 1,500 special agents, up from 389 at the time of Kennedy's assassination. Once selected, a recruit is dispatched to offices around the country to help track down counterfeiters and pursue stolen or forged Government checks and bonds. Only superior agents are eventually picked to serve in the protection service, which is responsible for guarding not only the President, the Vice President and their families, but also presidential candidates and former Presidents.

The agents then undergo extensive instruction at the Secret Service Training Center in Beltsville, Md. They practice moving a make-believe "president" through crowds (composed of other agents) to a waiting car, sometimes under fire, as well as through specially built auditoriums, hotel foyers and offices. In a weapons course, computer-controlled cutouts of possible assassins and harmless citizens pop up from the ground and twirl past windows on a Hollywood-like back-lot street of mock buildings. The agents must fire and hit a threatening target but refrain from shooting at an unarmed figure—or at the image of a woman wheeling a baby carriage, who may quickly slide in front of an armed figure.

Secret Service preparations for a presidential trip are equally thorough: teams of agents, aided by local police, carefully travel presidential itineraries in advance, check the backgrounds of hotel employees and others who may meet the President, and make certain that local hospitals have a supply of blood in the President's type. There are no set rules for the number of agents required for a presidential trip; for a routine speech like the one that Reagan gave last week at the Washington Hilton Hotel, perhaps two dozen agents will be used. Every presidential motorcade has at least two cars filled with agents, including a station wagon, code-named War Wagon, that is crammed with weapons (ranging from Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns to shotguns), first-aid supplies and even tools for prying the President out of his car in case of a crash.

The Secret Service keeps a list of some 25,000 people believed to pose potential threats to the President, and 300 to 400 considered especially dangerous. Yet none of the persons involved in well-known assassination attempts since 1963 —Sirhan Sirhan, Arthur Bremer, Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme, Sara Jane Moore and John Hinckley—ever appeared on the Secret Service list.

If the Service cannot always recognize —or stop—a potential assassin, can anything more be done to lessen the dangers? Many law enforcement officials recommend that Reagan wear a bulletproof vest when making public appearances. Modern vests, made of fiber glass, are both lightweight and flexible.*

Ted Gunderson, former head of the FBI's Los Angeles office, suggests that whenever possible, the President should exit a hotel or auditorium through a basement garage. The Secret Service argues that the President risks being trapped in a basement garage, and so prefers ushering him through an exit that leads to an open driveway—and the waiting limousine. Others recommend that the Secret Service start closing off streets around the exit to all spectators; some even suggest that the President entirely stop mingling and shaking hands with onlookers. Says Chicago Police Superintendent Richard Brzeczek: "It's time to consider keeping some distance between crowds and the President, offering them a fleeting glimpse instead of a slower wave."

But there are great drawbacks to isolating a President from the people he must serve. Presidents, like most U.S. politicians, relish contact with crowds; indeed, they may come to rely on that kind of interaction to keep them going in so grueling a job. Ronald Reagan has already demonstrated his fondness for pausing and responding to shouted cries of "Mr. President! Mr. President!" as he moves about Washington—a practice his agents would dearly like to stop. Yet the ease with which an attack can take place was dramatically demonstrated to Reagan before last week's shooting. As then Candidate Reagan campaigned in Miami in November 1975, a college dropout named Michael Lance Carvin, 20, managed to break through the crowd and point a toy gun directly at him.

When an attack by a deranged loner occurs, there is not much that even the Secret Service can do. Sums up one senior agent: "We try to get our bodies between him and the bullets, and then get the hell out of there"—which is just what they did last Monday, efficiently and even heroically. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Jonathan Beaty and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

**Campaigning in Miami in 1975, Reagan is confronted by a man with a toy gun**

*"It's time to consider keeping some distance between crowds and the President."*

*If Reagan had been wearing only a "front-and-back" vest last week, his sides would have remained exposed and he probably would still have been wounded. Only the full, wrap-around model would have protected him

# Emergency in Room 5A

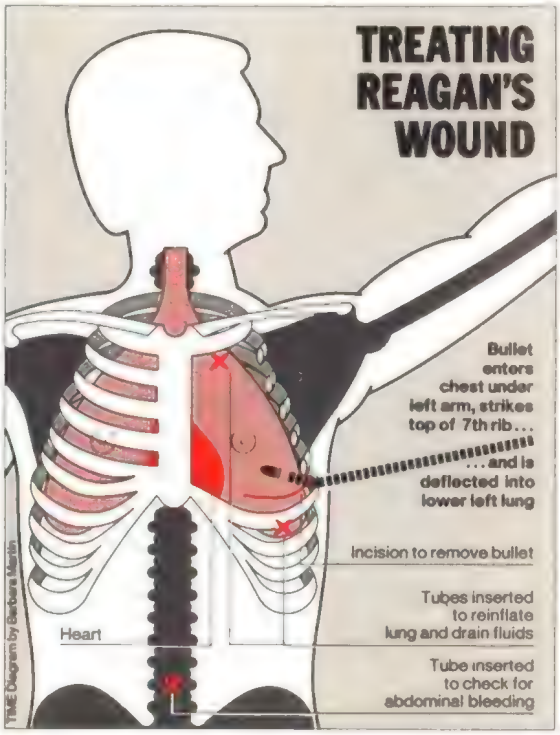
*As the world watched, calm doctors performed their ritual*

It is the kind of emergency familiar to trauma teams across the nation, particularly at places like New York City's Bellevue Hospital Center and Chicago's Cook County Hospital. The difference this time was the victim: not some dope dealer or faithless lover, but the President of the U.S. But even with the world watching, the medical ritual was the same.

As soon as Ronald Reagan was carried into Room 5A of George Washington University Hospital's emergency unit, a hastily assembled team of more than a dozen doctors plus paramedics, nurses and aides swung into action. Seemingly in disorganized fashion, but actually with speed and precision, they moved toward one goal: stabilizing the patient as quickly as possible. Oxygen was administered to aid the President in breathing, and fluids were given intravenously to raise his blood pressure. A reading indicated that the systolic pressure (when the heart contracts) had dropped below 100, alarmingly low. Simultaneously, his clothing was cut away; as soon as the jacket and shirt were off, an oozing, slitlike bullet hole was discovered just under the left armpit.

Because Reagan was coughing up bright red blood and complaining of chest pain on his left side and difficulty in breathing, doctors immediately suspected that his lung had been injured and probably collapsed, a common result of gunshot wounds to the chest. Normally, the pressure in the space between the lung and the chest wall is less than atmospheric pressure, and this keeps the lung expanded; when the chest wall is pierced, air enters and forces the lung to collapse. To reinflate it, doctors made two small incisions, one just below the collarbone and the other between the seventh and eighth ribs, and inserted tubes to suction off air and any blood that might have accumulated from damage to the heart, lungs or major blood vessels in the chest. About two pints of blood spilled out. Immediately doctors started transfusing blood, using O negative, a blood type any person can accept. (Later they began using Reagan's own type, O positive.) All this was accomplished within five minutes of his arrival.

That done, the trauma team could proceed more deliberately. X rays of the chest and abdomen were taken to try to locate the bullet; blood samples were analyzed for gases to help determine how much oxygen was getting into the blood. To see whether there was bleeding in the abdominal cavity as well, the team performed a procedure known as peritoneal lavage. Surgeons Benjamin Aaron and Joseph Giordano, who headed up the trauma team, made a small incision just below the President's navel, inserted a tube and infused several liters of fluid, filling the abdominal cavity. Then the fluid was withdrawn and examined for blood. It was clear, indicating that Reagan had suffered no injury to abdominal organs.




But during the 45 minutes of peritoneal lavage, blood continued draining out of the chest tube, an unusual occurrence. In the majority of bullet wounds to the chest, bleeding stops soon after the lung is reinflated. By now Reagan had required a transfusion of five units of blood; that meant he had lost about 2½ quarts of blood, almost half the total amount circulating in his body. Continued bleeding can be a sign that a bullet has caused major damage to organs and blood vessels in the chest cavity. To assess the extent of the injury and to locate the source of bleeding, doctors decided to operate. "It was a major bleed," said Hospital Spokesman Dr. Dennis O'Leary. "That was why surgery was required." If Reagan had not bled so heavily, surgery might not have been done immediately. But an operation would probably have been necessary eventually. Though bullets are frequently left inside the body when they do not threaten further damage, a bullet in the lung can travel to the heart and obstruct the flow of blood.

Reagan was rolled next door into an operating suite. Under the watchful eyes of two scrubbed and gowned Secret Service agents and the President's personal physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, doctors began anesthetizing the President. They inserted a tube into his mouth and down his windpipe and put him on a mechanical respirator. Then he was gently turned onto his right side and placed at a 45° angle. In the operation, called a thoracotomy, surgeons made a 6-in. incision extending from just below the left nipple, along the ribs to just below the left armpit. Spreading the ribs and the overlying muscles apart, they first noticed a massive blood clot and removed it. Then they checked the heart and major blood vessels for damage but found none. They tried to follow the path of the bullet to locate the slug. This proved difficult so another X ray was taken. The doctors finally retrieved the bullet from the lower lobe of the left lung. Said Aaron: "It was flattened almost as thin as a dime, and about the size of a dime too."

From their examination, doctors concluded that the bullet plowed through the chest wall at an angle, struck the seventh rib and ricocheted down 3 in. into the lung. Its oblique path kept it a good 3 in. away from the heart. Reagan was fortunate that his assailant used a small-caliber, low-velocity gun. A .45-cal. bullet, twice as wide and five times as heavy as a .22, would have torn up the President's flank and probably killed him quickly, if not instantly. But he could have been luckier: if his arm had been hit, the bullet might not have reached his torso; if the bullet had not glanced off the rib, it might have just passed on through the chest wall and out of the body without hitting any internal organ.

After the three-hour operation, which the President "sailed through with vital signs absolutely rock stable," according to O'Leary, Reagan was taken to the hospital's fourth-floor intensive-care unit, where he spent a restless night. So does almost everyone in such a unit: the lights are kept on; nurses and doctors move about constantly, checking vital signs and taking blood samples; monitors hooked up to patients beep incessantly. Reagan was given antibiotics to combat possible infections and pain medication to ease his moderate discomfort, more the result of

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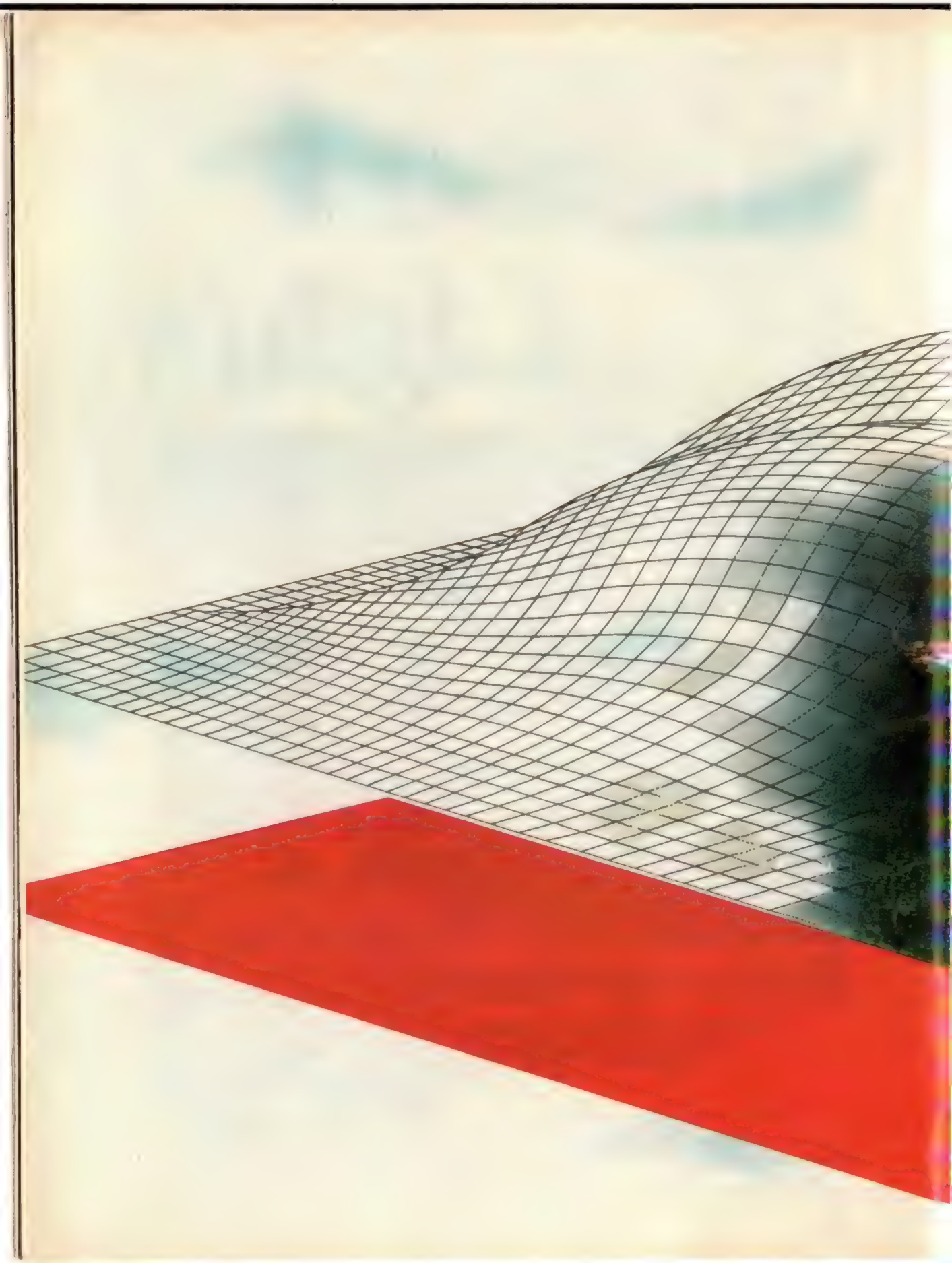

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the operation than the bullet injury. During the night, doctors removed the windpipe tube that had been left in place after surgery to facilitate breathing.

The next morning, Reagan was moved to a quiet, eight-room suite on the third floor. He had a pulse rate of 70 and blood pressure of 130/80, numbers that would please a healthy man. He was encouraged to cough to help get secretions out of his lungs. Though breathing hurt, he required little pain medication. He continued to receive oxygen through a nose catheter. White House aides visiting that morning found Reagan sitting up and brushing his teeth. He spent the day sleeping and reading newspapers; meals were soup and gelatin. The next day he switched to solid foods and walked a few steps. Toward the end of the week he was walking down the hospital corridor, and doctors were predicting that barring complications he might return to the White House this week and be able to resume all physical activities, including riding, within three months. One complication surfaced at week's end: Reagan ran a fever of 102°. Said Aaron: "It's a little bit of a setback."

Though Reagan seems to be progressing nicely, controversy continues over the seriousness of his condition when he entered George Washington University Hospital. Some witnesses paint a grim picture: the President was stumbling, gasping for air, blood stained his teeth and lips, and most serious, his blood pressure was very low, a sign of impending shock. Coupled with this was the considerable amount of blood lost in the first few hours. Some doctors are convinced that the President was in "a life-threatening situation." Says a Washington, D.C., surgeon, an expert in bullet injuries: "A gunshot wound to the chest is always serious, especially in a 70-year-old. I am sure that Reagan's doctors were a lot more concerned at the time than they acknowledged."

But O'Leary and others who attended Reagan insist that he was never in danger. The President, they point out, was conscious and coherent and was stabilized quickly. He was never in shock. Says O'Leary: "With blood, a little goes a long way. I'm sure he looked bad, but at no point was he anywhere close to being *in extremis.*"

As to the blood loss, O'Leary agrees it was large (almost four quarts) but says the rate of loss is more important than the volume. Reagan's blood loss was steady, not gushing, and doctors had no trouble in compensating with transfusions. The majority of gunshot victims come into a hospital much worse off, O'Leary says. In fact, he contends that the President would probably have been all right even if treatment had been delayed by as much as 20 minutes. Fortunately, Ronald Reagan and the nation did not have to test that judgment. ***—By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Peter Stoler/Washington***

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

# The Doctor and the Ideal Patient

Buried beneath our prejudices and the actuarial tables is a fact: Ronald Reagan, at 70, may have been the healthiest man to assume the presidency since Harry Truman.

Eisenhower had his ileitis symptoms, and Kennedy went into power with a form of Addison's disease. Johnson had suffered his first heart attack, and Nixon was shadowed by phlebitis. Ford's otherwise robust physique was flawed by old football injuries. Carter came to the White House with his record showing a period of depression after a race for Governor of Georgia in 1966.

But Reagan, the old man of the bunch, had somehow stayed together. The White House physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, put it this way three days before the shooting: "What can I tell a man who is 70 and in better shape than I am?" Ruge is 63 and a farm boy from Nebraska, where they claim that if you make it through your first year you live almost forever.

Ruge, stately and cautious, had been chatting on a Friday evening in his small White House office about how to sustain Reagan's good health—and to prepare for emergencies, the kind that would occur in just 70 hours.

Ruge had been chosen White House physician because of his association with Loyal Davis, Nancy Reagan's father. A neurosurgeon, Ruge had met the President in earlier years but had not known him as a patient. Bit by bit, he was accumulating medical data and his impressions of Reagan's life-style, these observations perhaps more revealing than any statistics.

AP

**Ruge, left, with Hospital Spokesman Dennis O'Leary**

Ruge had watched Reagan around the White House, seen him at state dinners, traveled with him aboard Air Force One. When Reagan went horseback riding at Quantico, Va., Ruge, who spent some of his boyhood on the backs of his father's Percherons, watched with a certain nostalgia from the fences. "The President is a marvelous physical specimen," he said. "His very demeanor shows that he is healthy." From that conclusion, Ruge's approach to White House health was plotted. He would not stalk the President, believing that an overzealous doctor can create a dependent patient.

Reagan was his own best doctor in many ways, Ruge noted. The President could pace himself, discipline his appetites, his activity. "He simply knows how to take care of himself," declared Ruge. That is in marked contrast to the excesses of work and indulgence seen in other Presidents, notably L.B.J. Ruge has studied carefully the White House environment, Reagan's state of mind, any symptoms of stress. What he found was reassuring. He noted that those who traveled with the President, whether staff or Secret Service agents, genuinely liked him. That aura, created in large part by Reagan's humor and courtesy, was a great health benefit. Ruge was also convinced that Nancy Reagan's dedication to her husband was another element in his excellent state of mind and body.

The greatest concern of the President's physician was somehow devising outlets from the White House cloister for the President. Reagan is not a golfer, a jogger or a tennis player. He likes to ride, but that is not enough. Reagan's therapy, Ruge noted, came from messing around outdoors. It takes a small-town boy to understand that. Woodchopping, planting, pruning, fixing up and just moving around, doing something useful, can keep the eyes clear, the heart vibrant, the muscles taut. That poses a challenge in the White House, where all the chores are done and the President's exertion is walking from meeting to meeting.

Dan Ruge has been diverted for the moment. But he will soon be back, gently urging the President to keep chopping wood on his California ranch and canter off over the Virginia hills whenever he can. Doctor and patient are in harmony about what keeps a President going.

# Caught in the Line of Fire

*Three victims who served the President well*

Because all of them in their chosen fields had proved themselves among the best at what they do, they had earned the right to be with the President as he left the Washington Hilton Hotel last week. James Brady, 40, through an admixture of diligence, drive and affability, had parlayed 19 years of handling public relations work—including stints with the Defense Department, Senator William Roth and Candidate John Connally—into the plum of his profession, presidential press secretary. Timothy McCarthy, 31, the son of a Chicago policeman, joined the Secret Service in 1972 and two years ago won assignment to the prestigious presidential protection detail. Thomas Delahanty, 45, had received more than 30 letters of commendation in his 17 years on the Washington, D.C., police force. When his canine patrol partner, a German shepherd named Kirk, became ill last week, Delahanty was a natural choice for the Hilton assignment. The trio's diverse paths led them, for two tragic seconds last week, into the line of fire between John Hinckley's revolver and the man he allegedly intended to assassinate.

Brady was by far the most seriously injured. A bullet entered his forehead just over his left eye and crossed through to the right side of his brain. Word quickly spread that he had died, causing gasps and sobs in the White House West Wing among aides and members of the seasoned press corps, for whom Brady, through his wit and warmth, had become more of a joyous friend than a mere professional colleague. For five hours, surgeons working with the aid of a microscope performed a delicate craniotomy, lifting off the top of his skull to remove a significant portion of his right frontal brain lobe, which, among other functions, controls motor activity on the body's left side. When the operation was over, Brady was still alive and slowly regaining consciousness. Said his relieved surgeon, Dr. Arthur Kobrine: "Eight out of ten people die from this kind of injury."

That so many questions from reporters during the early hours of last week's crisis concerned Brady's health may have seemed somewhat baffling to those outside the press corps. In twelve short weeks on the job, he had succeeded, despite the difficulties inherent in his work, in winning both the respect and the affection of the press. Brady, called "the Bear" because, well, he looks a bit like one, has a broad relish for life beyond politics. That enthusiasm embraces the hapless Chicago Cubs, gourmet cooking and, of course, his wife Sarah, whom he calls "Raccoon" because, well, he thinks she looks like one. This *joie de vivre*, friends like to think, was more than a match for the gunman's bullet.

Brady's humor ranges from jolly quips to droll deadpan. Shortly before the shooting, he was the guest at one of Washington's institutionalized breakfasts with reporters. Instead of the light banter and gentle questions that tend to open such discussions, he was immediately slung a sharp query on conflicts within the Administration. After a pause he responded with perfect poker face: "Where has foreplay gone?" At last month's Gridiron Club dinner, an event that features journalists performing parodies of politicians, a Brady impersonator lampooned the report that Nancy Reagan had opposed his appointment because he was not "good-looking" enough to project the Reagan Administration image. Sang he: "She's grown accustomed to my face." Brady laughed as loudly as any of the press and politicians in the audience. With the first signs that Brady might survive, colleagues and friends at the White House placed a small stuffed Teddy bear with a Cubs' baseball cap on his chair.

Agent McCarthy

Officer Delahanty

Presidential Press Secretary James Brady

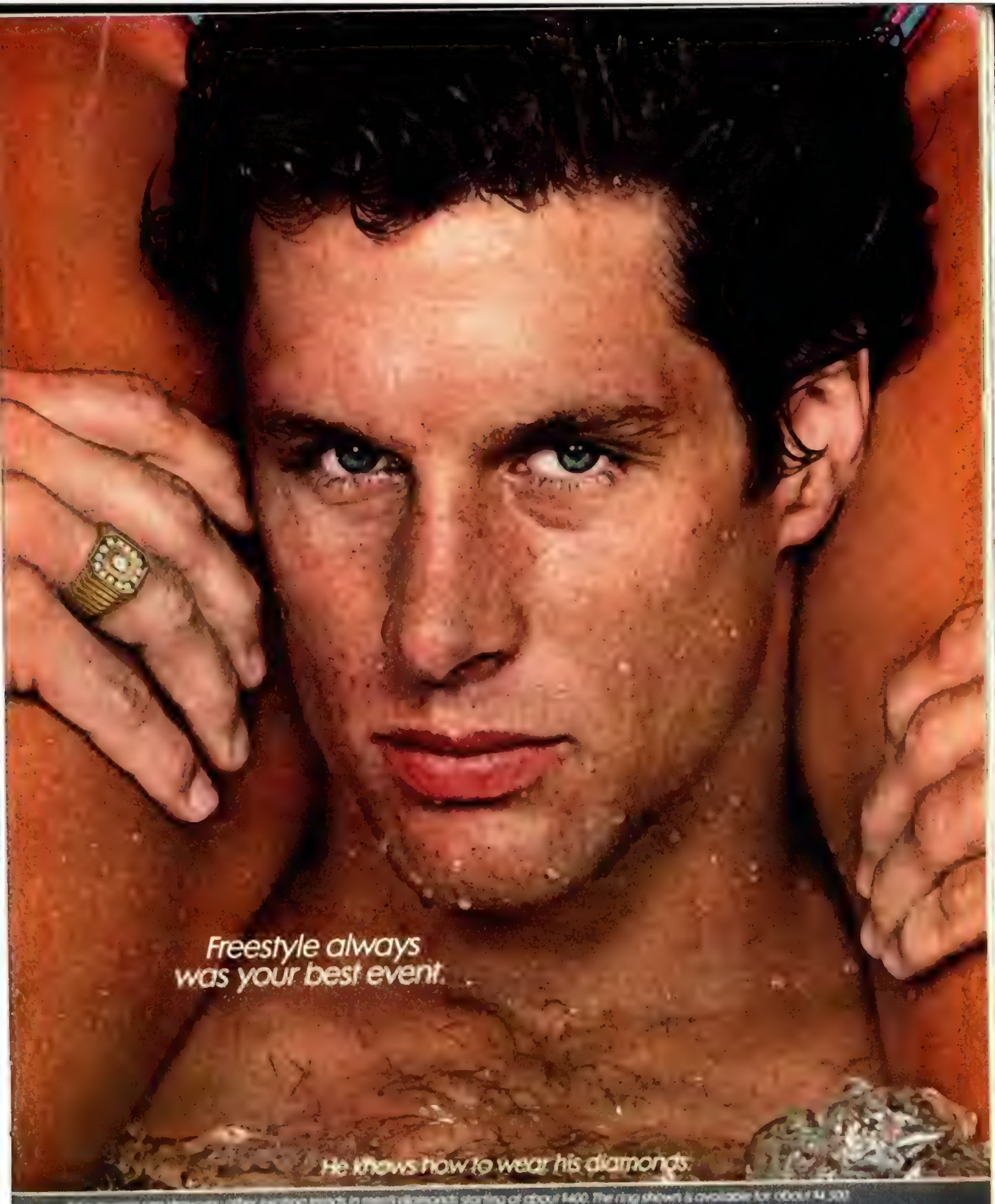
*"Raccoon," he said, squeezing her hand.*

McCarthy, who had been trained to interpose his body between the President and any gunfire—and who defied all innate human instincts by doing just that—was hit in the right side of his chest. The bullet passed through the chest muscles, lung, diaphragm and part of the liver before lodging against a rib. An hour-long operation was successful in removing the bullet and draining the blood that had collected in his abdominal cavity.

Elizabeth McCarthy, his mother, was watching television with her daughter shortly after the shooting when a tape of the tragedy came on. Says Daughter Karen: "Suddenly, as we watched, we saw where he was hit and fell. We both knew at once that it was Tim. Mom gasped. We both cried and hugged each other and prayed." As McCarthy recovered from surgery, his superiors praised him for executing his mission perfectly. Said Jerry Parr, head of the presidential protection detail: "I think what Agent McCarthy did was most heroic." His eldest sister Laurie joked that "thousands of relatives" would soon be flying to Washington to see their "hero."

Police Officer Delahanty's wife also saw her husband's shooting on television. "I didn't even know he was with the President," she said. The bullet struck Delahanty's left shoulder and lodged in his neck, damaging no blood vessels but bruising a nerve. The result of his wound seemed minor: a temporary loss of sensation on the inside of his left forearm, excessive sweating of the palm and erection of the hairs on his arm. In fact, doctors saw no reason even to remove the bullet from his neck—until it was discovered that Hinckley had used explosive bullets. They then decided to carefully remove it through an incision in his back. After receiving praise from official visitors, including Vice President George Bush and Mayor Marion Barry, Delahanty was due to leave the hospital within days.

For Brady, the prognosis was not as good, though he surprised doctors by his survival. At week's end, although the danger of infection or swelling still lurked, he was taken off the critical list. Brain tissue recovers so slowly that it may be as much as a year before the full extent of any permanent damage is known. Until then, each sign of improvement is being watched closely and reported hopefully. He has been able to move his right arm and leg on command. There has even been some movement of his left side. He has also been able to count to three and toss a gauze ball. Perhaps the most hopeful sign that Jim Brady is not only alive but still Jim Brady came when he recognized his wife and gave her hand a squeeze. Said he, carefully: "Raccoon." —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Peter Stoler/Washington*

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# Essay

## It's Time to Ban Handguns

By a curiosity of evolution, every human skull harbors a prehistoric vestige: a reptilian brain. This atavism, like a hand grenade cushioned in the more civilized surrounding cortex, is the dark hive where many of mankind's primitive impulses originate. To go partners with that throwback, Americans have carried out of their own history another curiosity that evolution forgot to discard as the country changed from a sparsely populated, underpoliced agrarian society to a modern industrial civilization. That vestige is the gun—most notoriously the handgun, an anachronistic tool still much in use. Since 1963 guns have finished off more Americans (400,000) than World War II did.

After one more handgun made it into American history last week (another nastily poignant little "Saturday night" .22 that lay like an orphan in a Dallas pawnshop until another of those clammy losers took it back to his rented room to dream on), a lot of Americans said to themselves, "Well, maybe *this* will finally persuade them to do something about those damned guns." Nobody would lay a dime on it. The National Rifle Association battened down its hatches for a siege of rough editorial weather, but calculated that the antigun indignation would presently subside, just as it always does. After Kennedy. After King. After Kennedy. After Wallace. After Lennon. After Reagan. After . . . the nation will be left twitching and flinching as before to the pops of its 55 million pistols and the highest rate of murder by guns in the world.

The rest of the planet is both appalled and puzzled by the spectacle of a superpower so politically stable and internally violent. Countries like Britain and Japan, which have low murder rates and virtual prohibitions on handguns, are astonished by the over-the-counter ease with which Americans can buy firearms.

Americans themselves are profoundly discouraged by the handguns that seem to breed uncontrollably among them like roaches. For years the majority of them have favored restrictions on handguns. In 1938 a Gallup poll discovered that 84% wanted gun controls. The latest Gallup finds that 62% want stricter laws governing handgun sales. Yet Americans go on buying handguns at the rate of one every 13 seconds. The murder rate keeps rising. It is both a cause and an effect of gun sales. And every few years—or months—some charismatic public character takes a slug from an itinerant mental case caressing a bizarre fantasy in his brain and the sick, secret weight of a pistol in his pocket.

Why do the bloody years keep rolling by without guns becoming subject to the kind of regulation we calmly apply to drugs, cars, boat trailers, CB radios and dogs? The answer is only partly that the National Rifle Association is, by some Senators' estimate, the most effective lobbying organization in Washington and the deadliest at targeting its congressional enemies at election time. The nation now has laws, all right—a patchwork of some 25,000 gun regulations, federal, state and local, that are so scattered and inconsistent as to be preposterously ineffectual.

Firearms have achieved in the U.S. a strange sort of inevitability—the nation's gun-ridden frontier heritage getting smokily mingled now with a terror of accelerating criminal violence and a sense that as the social contract tatters, the good guys must have their guns to defend themselves against the rising tribes of bad guys. It is very hard to persuade the good guys that all those guns in their hands wind up doing more lethal harm to their own kind than to the animals they fear; that good guys sometimes get drunk and shoot other good guys in a rage, or blow their own heads off (by design or accident) or hit their own children by mistake. Most murders are done on impulse, and handguns are perfectly responsive to the purpose: a blind red rage flashes in the brain and fires a signal through the nerves to the trigger finger—BLAM! Guns do not require much work. You do not have to get your hands bloody, as you would with a knife, or make the strenuous and intimately dangerous effort required to kill with bare hands. The space between gun and victim somehow purifies the relationship—at least for the person at the trigger—and makes it so much easier to perform the deed. The bullet goes invisibly across space to flesh. An essential disconnection, almost an abstraction, is maintained. That's why it is so easy—convenient, really—to kill with one of the things.

The post-assassination sermon, an earnest lamentation about the "sickness of American society," has become a notably fatuous genre that blames everyone and then, after 15 minutes of earnestly empty regret, absolves everyone. It is true that there is a good deal of evil in the American air; television and the sheer repetitiousness of violence have made a lot of the country morally weary and dull and difficult to shock. Much of the violence, however, results not from the sickness of the society but the stupidity and inadequacy of its laws. The nation needs new laws to put at least some guns out of business. Mandatory additional punishments for anyone using a gun in a crime—the approach that Ronald Reagan favors—would help. But a great deal more is necessary. Because of the mobility of guns, only federal laws can have any effect upon them. Rifles and shotguns—long guns—are not the problem; they make the best weapons for defending the house anyway, and they are hard for criminals to conceal. Most handguns are made to fire at people, not at targets or game. Such guns should be banned. The freedoms of an American individualism bristling with small arms must yield to the larger communal claim to sanity and safety—the "pursuit of happiness."

That would, of course, still leave millions of handguns illegally in circulation; the penalties for possessing such weapons, and especially for using them in crime, would have to be severe. Even at that, it would take years to start cleansing the nation of handguns. Whatever its content, no substantive program for controlling guns probably stands any chance of getting through Congress unless Ronald Reagan supports it. He ought to do so, not because he has been shot in the chest but because it should be done.

The indiscriminate mass consumption of guns has finally come to disgrace Americans abroad and depress them at home. It has been almost 90 years since the historian Frederick Jackson Turner propounded his famous thesis about the end of the American frontier. But the worst part of the frontier never did vanish. Its violence, once tolerable in the vast spaces, has simply backed up into modern America, where it goes on blazing away.

*—By Lance Morrow*



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# "ON APRIL 15, TELEVISION WILL LIVE UP TO ITS ENORMOUS POTENTIAL."

**"Wednesday night at 8:00 Eastern Time*, the Hallmark Hall of Fame will be presenting 'Dear Liar' on PBS. When a program this exceptional comes along, I urge you not to miss it."**

A personal point of view by **José Ferrer.**

"When television is at its best, it is very, very good indeed.

And I assure you, for ninety minutes Wednesday night, it will be just that.

That's when Jane Alexander and Edward Herrmann star in the performance of 'Dear Liar.' It is the second in the widely acclaimed Hallmark Hall of Fame series being aired by the Public Broadcasting Service.

The story chronicles forty years of correspondence between the famous English actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell and playwright George Bernard Shaw.

You'll find their relationship sometimes humorous. Often emotional. Always engaging.

And next to actually being in the theatre, I can think of no better way to watch this performance than on the Hallmark Hall of Fame.

'Dear Liar' will play before a live audience. Without a single commercial interruption. And the performers will have nothing to depend on but themselves.

There will be no fancy trappings or production gimmickry. Just the actors, the stage, and the audience.

So you'll see acting in its purest, most dramatic form. The splendid level of entertainment you've come to expect on PBS.

And who better to bring it to you than the Hallmark Hall of Fame. Year after year, Hallmark has remained steadfast in its commitment to television programming of the highest quality.

Programming designed to stimulate, motivate and enrich.

'Dear Liar' is certain to follow in that tradition.

Over the past several years, I've been honored to appear in the Hall of Fame four times. This year, I won't be performing. But you can be sure I'll be watching.

I sincerely hope you join me."

**Plan to watch the Hallmark Hall of Fame presentation of "Dear Liar." The second in a series on PBS.**
**Feb. 9 "Mister Lincoln"**
**Apr. 15 "Dear Liar"**
**May 6 "Casey Stengel"**

*Check local listing for time and channel

Hallmark Hall of Fame

Senator Harrison Williams with FBI agent Richard Farhart, a.k.a. Yassir Habib

# A Wolf in Sheik's Clothing

*Abscam's biggest TV special debuts in a Brooklyn court*

Wearing a gray suit and an even grayer expression, New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams Jr., 61, made his way into Brooklyn's U.S. District Court last week. He is the last suspect to be brought to trial on bribery and corruption charges in the Government's Abscam (for "Arab scam") case. A 22-year veteran of the Senate, he is also the most important figure to face a jury as a result of the FBI sting operation. Like the six U.S. Congressmen already tried and convicted on Abscam charges, Williams faces a barrage of electronic evidence in the form of video and audio tapes of his encounters with undercover FBI agents. But in Williams' case, a figure mentioned but never before seen in Abscam tapes makes a dramatic appearance: "Sheik" Yassir Habib, a bogus Arab millionaire portrayed by Agent Richard Farhart, outfitted in dark glasses and kaffiyeh and grunting in imitation broken English.

In his opening argument, Assistant Prosecutor Edward A. McDonald depicted Williams as "a corrupt public official," who had promised to use his influence in Washington to obtain Government contracts for a titanium mine in Virginia. In return, the Senator was to receive part ownership of the mine and $12.6 million. McDonald, quoting from FBI tapes, said that Williams had told agents he would "with great pleasure talk to the President of the United States about [the mining contracts] and in a personal way get him as enthusiastic and excited." McDonald also quoted from tapes showing Williams pledging to "do everything in my power" to arrange permanent U.S. residency papers for the bogus Sheik Habib.

Defense Counsel George Koelzer presented another view of the case: "a fraud, a sham, a fake, a lie, a disgrace." The "trusting, easygoing" Williams, said Koelzer, had been taken in by a scheme "created, controlled, produced and directed" by FBI Informer Mel Weinberg. Moreover, said Koelzer, the defendant had refused to accept a bribe for helping Habib immigrate—a fact borne out by tapes introduced later in the week.

Though Williams' attorney refuses to detail his strategy, he will probably attempt to show that his client was the victim of entrapment, as defined by the Justice Department in 1981 guidelines to FBI agents: "Inducement or encouragement of an individual to engage in illegal activity in which he would otherwise not be disposed to engage." Key to this defense are tapes showing undercover agents coaching Williams to "come on strong" when he meets the ersatz Arab, telling him, "It's all bull. You gotta play and blow your horn."

Entrapped or not, Williams certainly took their advice on how to treat a sheik. Tapes introduced by the prosecutor last week show him boasting to Habib of his connections with then Secretary of State Cyrus Vance ("a neighbor back in New Jersey"), with Fritz Mondale ("the Vice President used to work for me," on a Senate committee) and with Howard Baker ("he's in the same class I am . . . I'm just a little ahead of him in seniority"). Other tapes showed Co-defendant Alexander Feinberg, 72, Williams' personal attorney, discussing his role in the titanium deal with FBI Operative Weinberg, telling him that Williams is "happy as a lark about it."

After sitting through five days of what must have been painful embarrassment, Williams insisted he was still "very confident" and "feeling good," though sorry to be missing work while "the budget vote is going on." The Senator's press secretary, Michael McCurry, was even more upbeat: "Constituents are remaining very loyal," he said, adding that New Jersey's biggest newspaper, the Newark *Star Ledger*, only a few days earlier had called Williams the state's "most popular politician." ■

# River of Death

*Two more bodies in Atlanta*

Two bodies were pulled from the cold water of the Chattahoochie River, southwest of Atlanta last week, bringing the city's death toll of black youths to 22 (two others are listed as missing). One victim, Timothy Hill, 13, was found tangled in some riverside underbrush by two men. The following day, a canoeist discovered the body of Eddie Duncan Jr., 21, several miles downstream. The youths reportedly knew each other. They also shared traits with other Atlanta victims besides being black: they lived in low-income housing projects, did odd jobs for extra cash, probably died by asphyxiation and were found clad only in underpants.

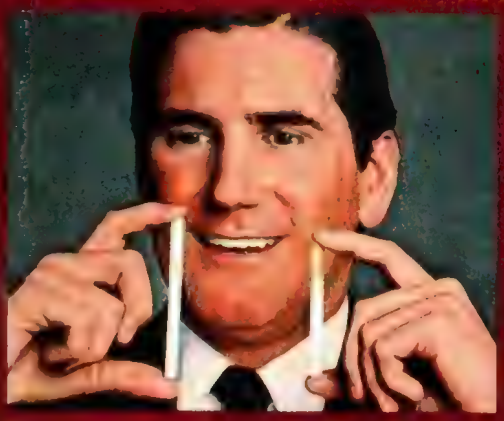
Though older and bigger than most of the other victims, Duncan is said to have been mentally slow, with "the mind of a child." He lived at the Techwood Homes project, where hours before he disappeared a vigilante patrol armed with baseball bats set off on its first march to protect the neighborhood. Duncan had told friends that he was going to help someone move furniture and was last seen late at night on March 20 in a local grocery store. His parents say that he would not have gone near the Chattahoochie because he could not swim.

Timothy Hill had been missing since March 13. Though his case had been investigated by the police missing-persons department, it was not turned over to the special task force because Hill reportedly had a history of running away. Enrolled in a class for emotionally disturbed children at the Dean Rusk School, Hill was a likable boy who often earned money by helping shoppers carry their groceries. Terry Nelson, director of the John J. Harland Boys Club, which Hill had joined at the age of six, remembers him as "a very vulnerable kid." Says Nelson: "He was afraid of large boys. They would threaten him sometimes, and he would do what they said to do." Two other members of the same boys club were Anthony Carter, 9, whose body was discovered last summer, and Joseph Bell, 16, who disappeared March 2.

Hill's teacher at the school, Theresa Swindall, believes that she received two phone calls from Hill on the night of March 16. During the first call, at 10:30, Swindall thought she recognized Timothy crying on the other end. The phone rang again at 11:15. Recalls Swindall: "I said, 'Timothy' in my teacher's voice, and he paused and said, 'What?' " Then the receiver clicked down. ■

Timothy Hill

# A third less tar
## than the leading filter 85



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# GETTING ONLY ONE CAVITY A YEAR SOUNDS GOOD.

# UNTIL YOU MULTIPLY BY 10 YEARS.

# INTRODUCING ADVANCED FORMULA CREST.

# BECAUSE ANY CAVITY YOU GET IS TOO MANY CAVITIES.

At first glance, one cavity a year seems pretty good. Until you do some basic arithmetic. 1 cavity a year x 10 years = 10 holes in your kids' teeth. Is that what you want for your children? If you're like most parents, the answer is an unequivocal "No!"

We think you'll agree that any cavity you get is too many cavities. That's why we proudly announce a totally new Advanced Formula Crest.

## NEW CREST WITH FLUORISTAT. NOW, GET FEWER CAVITIES WITH CREST THAN YOU EVER GOT BEFORE.

If you think you were getting great checkups with old Crest, just wait until you try new Advanced Formula Crest.

A major clinical study has shown that for every 4 cavities old Crest prevented, new Crest prevented almost 7. This dramatic improvement means now you can get fewer cavities with Crest than you ever got before.

You see, new Advanced Formula Crest has a new and different cavity-fighting system called Fluoristat. No, we didn't add more cavity-fighting ingredients to new Crest. Instead, our scientists discovered a new cavity-fighting system that actually works harder for you than old Crest did.

So you might say that now there's a whole new Crest for cavity prevention.

## NEVER HAS A NEW TOOTHPASTE BEEN TESTED SO MUCH BY SO MANY.

New Advanced Formula Crest is backed up by the largest clinical tests ever performed on a toothpaste. These exhaustive tests lasted for 3 solid years involving almost 5,000 kids. We conducted over 10,000 dental checkups and examined a staggering 250,000 teeth.

The results have shown that now you can get fewer cavities with Crest than ever before. Naturally, you still have to watch sweets, see your dentist, and brush often with new Advanced Formula Crest.

Knowing all this, can you still be content with your kids getting only 1 cavity a year?

After all, in 10 years, it'll be nothing to smile about.

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Renault, maker of Europe's best selling cars, presents a remarkable new wagon for America...the Renault 18i Sportswagon.

Remarkable, because it is, at once, a wagon that provides comfortable seating for 5, *and* muscle to move you crisply from 0 to 50...

...a wagon with up to 65.5 cubic feet of load space, *and* the good manners to go where you aim it through precise, quick rack and pinion steering (lock to lock in just 3 turns)...

...a wagon that takes care of the whole family, *and* carefully meters out fuel for outstanding efficiency*...

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38 HWY EST* 25 MPG EST

**Bosch L-Jetronic Fuel Injection**
This is the Electric Multi-Point Bosch system also used by Porsche 928 and Jaguar XJ-S. It precisely measures out the fuel required for optimum performance and efficiency from the 18i's enthusiastic 1.6 liter (1647 cc, aluminum block and head) 4-cylinder engine.

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**Slip Stream Aerodynamics**
The 18i Sportswagon silhouette is notably slippery. A wide front modesty panel—more discreet than add-on air dams—encourages turbulence to slide beneath the 18i. Slip stream styling effects promote excellent fuel efficiency* as the wagon carves the air.

**Road Adhesion**
The 18i Sportswagon is masterfully tuned for the road. With 155SR x 13 Michelin steel belted radials, box section "live" rear axle (it flexes in the turns), front and rear sway bars, and beefy helical coil springs (variable-flex in the rear) surrounding long-travel shock struts.

**Inner Space Geometry**
The 18i's elegantly tailored seats are bio-formed with special support for the lumbar region and upper thighs.

Controls and gauges are strategically angled and positioned for driver access.

A wide rear bench seat folds forward, providing a lushly carpeted flat load bed more than 5½ feet long.

*The Renault 18i Sportswagon. Remarkable? We think so. It provides what wagon users ask for...generous space and great mileage. And something many have been missing...the sheer joy of commanding a responsive, nimble, sensitive, exciting road machine.*

*EPA estimated at 25 mpg, 38 mpg highway est. Remember: Compare this estimate with estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Your highway mileage will probably be lower.

# Renault 18i

**More than just economy**

**At Renault and American Motors dealers.**

# "Now Is the Time, *Compadres*"

*San Antonio elects the first big-city Mexican-American mayor*

In the small, dusty courtyard outside St. Alphonsus Catholic Church in the heart of San Antonio's sprawling West Side *barrio*, shirtsleeved Mayoral Candidate Henry Cisneros joked with small children and chatted with old people in Spanish. Polls showed that his lead was diminishing rapidly over his nearest rival, John Steen, a wealthy insurance executive from the city's heavily Anglo North Side. At stake: the opportunity to make Cisneros, despite a tantalizingly close race, the first Mexican-American mayor of a major American city. "Now is the time, *compadres*," the slim, Harvard-educated city councilman told them simply. "If on the day after the election I hear you saying 'Poor Henry, if only I had known you needed my help,' I think I will cry."

But if any tears were shed among San Antonio's Mexican Americans last week, they were tears of pride and joy. Cisneros, 33, defeated Steen, 59, a pillar of old San Antonio society.

The two men had come to symbolize the split that has dominated San Antonio's politics and social structure for years: Anglo *vs.* Hispanic, old money *vs.* new. As a result, the election turned on matters of style and symbolism, rather than any deep disagreement between the candidates over issues. Short, balding and a Reagan supporter, Steen liked to drive his own gray Lincoln Continental to campaign stops in the *barrio*, carrying bread around with him to feed the pigeons. Cisneros drives a battered 1972 Volkswagen and wears well-tailored jackets, which he inevitably sheds when speaking at churchyard gatherings and large rallies.

The mayor-elect, like most of the city's Spanish-speaking population, grew up in the *barrio*. Son of a retired civilian administrator for the Army, Cisneros earned a master's degree in public administration from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government and a Ph.D. in that subject from George Washington University. After spending a year as a White House Fellow in 1971-72, he returned to San Antonio's West Side in 1974 to live with his wife and two daughters. Says Dan Parman, a wealthy conservative who supported Cisneros: "Henry is the guy who can heal the wounds. He's acceptable to people on both sides of the tracks."

Cisneros' election marks the high point of a long struggle by San Antonio's Hispanics to wrest power from the Anglo establishment. Adopting the confrontational tactics of the late Saul Alinsky, local Hispanic leaders in 1974 formed a social action group called Communities Organized for Public Service (COPS) and quickly forced the city government to spend $200 million for improvement projects in poor Hispanic neighborhoods. In 1977, San Antonio's minorities won control of the city council for the first time, six seats to five.

Cisneros, first elected a councilman in 1975, was instrumental in bringing a measure of peace to that divided body. When the opposition proposed attracting business to San Antonio by advertising the city's low wages, COPS angrily proposed that no company be allowed to move into San Antonio without guaranteeing workers a minimum wage of $15,000 a year. Arguing that economic development was in everyone's interest, Cisneros helped persuade COPS to drop its demand. He also joined his Anglo colleagues in persuading Control Data Corporation to build a 600-employee computer software plant in a distressed neighborhood on the South Side.

**Mayor-elect Henry Cisneros campaigning last week at a small rally in the *barrio***

*"I'm not interested in being the first anything. I just want to be the best I can."*

San Antonio is now undergoing an unprecedented surge of growth. Aided by migration from the North, its population has increased 21%, from 650,000 to 788,000 in the past decade, making it the ninth largest city in the U.S. (Hispanics now account for 53%.) Four new hotels have sprung up along the city's "Riverwalk," a charming, Old World district of shops and cafés along the San Antonio River. So far, seven high-technology electronics firms have announced plans to build or expand in the city; they could create as many as 5,000 new jobs by 1986.

The growth has also created new problems for San Antonio and an increasingly visible rift between Cisneros and COPS. The new mayor hammered away at the need for economic development during his campaign but refused to promise that new building would be confined to inner-city neighborhoods. "You can't give mixed signals to business," he says. "We can't say we want growth but only in certain areas." He believes, for example, that residential water rates must be raised in the city if new water sources are to be developed to attract industry. To the chagrin of COPS, he also favors raising user fees for public services like garbage collection, and acknowledges that the city may eventually have to raise property taxes to help offset a projected $18.5 million deficit.

Like other cities, San Antonio faces cutbacks under the Reagan Administration's new budget. The city's economy still benefits from two important sources: Government spending generated, in part, by the large military installations at nearby Lackland Air Force Base and Fort Sam Houston; and federal funds for hiring municipal workers and low-level workers in San Antonio's important tourist industry. Cisneros feels he must wean San Antonio from its dependence on Government money. He also concedes that the costs may end up being borne by the Hispanic working people who helped elect him—and who account for most of the city's 6.6% unemployment rate (*vs.* 4.2% in Dallas and Houston). For them, the novelty of having the nation's first big-city Mexican-American mayor may quickly wear thin. Acknowledges Cisneros: "I'm not interested in being the first anything. I just want to be the best I can be." —*By Russ Hoyle. Reported by Robert C. Wurmstedt/San Antonio*

POLAND

# New Invasion Jitters

*A perilous strike is averted—but concern continues to grow*

Worrisome military movements in the Soviet Union's western districts. Reports of Soviet transport planes landing in southwestern Poland with helicopters and other heavy gear. An unexpected extension of the two-week-old Warsaw Pact maneuvers in and around Poland. Stepped-up attacks against Polish "counterrevolutionaries" in *Izvestiya*, Soviet government newspaper. A sudden flight to Prague by Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev to meet with Warsaw Pact leaders. It seemed all too reminiscent of the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, an operation that had followed on the heels of Warsaw Pact war games. Could that scenario be replayed now in Poland? No one could say. But the alarming signs sparked a new round of invasion jitters last week, just as the Poles should have been heaving a sigh of relief at having averted a potentially disastrous general strike.

Testifying on Capitol Hill last Thursday, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger announced that the Soviets had significantly increased their invasion capability, making the situation "far more serious" than before. Next day State Department Spokesman William Dyess warned that Soviet preparedness had reached the point where "they are capable of moving at any time." Vice President George Bush underscored U.S. concern by telling Polish Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, who was in Washington seeking economic aid *(see box)*, that "we follow a policy of nonintervention in Poland's internal affairs, and we are anxious that others do the same."

It was not immediately clear just what had set off Washington's alarm, but as one State Department official put it, "the concern grows with each hour." With an estimated 200,000 Soviet troops reportedly massed near the Polish border, there were indications that some small-scale movement into Poland had already begun. Said a State Department spokesman: "Some specialized personnel have moved in. We are not talking about divisions but smaller things." A U.S. intelligence official, meanwhile, confirmed that the Soviets had just completed a sophisticated military communications network inside Poland big enough to handle a force of 30 divisions. Armed intervention was not necessarily imminent, in the official view, but the essential preparations had been made.

**Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa announcing the latest settlement in Warsaw last week**

Washington's unsettling reports were met with some skepticism abroad. Most experts in Western Europe felt that Moscow's latest military movements were mainly meant to intimidate the wayward Poles. One Soviet official visiting the U.S., Georgi Arbatov, director of Moscow's Institute of U.S. and Canadian Studies, insisted last week that "nobody in the Soviet Union wants a dramatic development [an invasion] in Poland, because it would have tragic consequences for our own relations with that country." Yet he conveyed the clear implication that an invasion may be unavoidable: "After all, Poland is really on the brink of chaos."

Indeed, the country had narrowly escaped calamity earlier last week. Like two express trains hurtling toward each other along a single track, Poland's government and independent labor movement had seemed headed for certain collision. Solidarity, the 10 million-member union federation, was threatening to launch a general strike that would halt every loom, lathe and furnace in the country. Warsaw's Communist leaders were ready to respond with a declared state of emergency and possibly an armed crackdown, a move that could provoke a violent civil conflict. But both sides in Poland's labor-government showdown hit the brakes at the last moment and averted a smashup by inches.

The breakthrough came at a seven-hour meeting between Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Rakowski and Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa on the eve of the threatened strike. There was little optimism when those talks got under way at noon in Warsaw's 17th century Koniecpolski Palace. Three previous meetings had failed to defuse the crisis that erupted last month when police in the northwestern city of Bydgoszcz brutally evicted 26 union members from a provincial assembly hall. Indeed, a massive warning strike to protest the beatings had halted the coun-

UPI

**Tank on the move during Warsaw Pact maneuvers**

*All the essential preparations have been made.*

try for four hours on March 27. With Solidarity brandishing a list of five demands, and Warsaw's Communist bosses railing against creeping "anarchy," there seemed to be little room for compromise.

Rakowski pulled no punches. He opened the talks by telling Walesa bluntly that the government would declare a state of emergency and possibly call in the army if the general strike took place. As Solidarity Spokesman Janusz Onyszkiewicz later recounted, the government side threatened a "total confrontation including some bloodshed. This time it looked like it was not a bluff." With that grim threat waving over them, the Solidarity delegates dropped their unyielding stance and began working toward a compromise agreement. They were apparently also prompted by some behind-the-scenes mediation from Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, the Primate of Poland. Midway through the talks came a promising sign: Solidarity extended from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. the deadline it had set for calling off the strike.

Less than one hour before that limit, Walesa emerged from the building to announce that an agreement had been reached and the strike was being canceled. Cheers erupted from the crowd of several thousand workers and housewives assembled before the wrought-iron gates. They chanted Walesa's nickname, "Leszek, Leszek." As Walesa's car inched through the crush of supporters, some overexuberant fans even managed to lift the rear wheels off the ground. A sticker on Walesa's windshield seemed to capture the spirit of the moment: IT'S EXCITING TO BE POLISH.

The agreement was hardly the sort of bargaining victory to which Solidarity had become accustomed. Indeed, the union conceded more than the government on three of its five demands. Warsaw's leaders did promise to investigate and punish those responsible for the Bydgoszcz beatings. (Deputy Provincial Governor Roman Bak, whom Solidarity held particularly responsible, resigned the day after the agreement was reached.) The demand for legalization of the independent farmers' union, known as Rural Solidarity, was partly satisfied by a pledge to tolerate the organization's activities pending recommendations on its permanent status by a joint labor-government commission.

But the union made little headway on its remaining issues. The question of amnesty for political dissidents was referred to a special parliamentary commission, and there was no decision at all on the demands for guaranteed full pay during strikes and greater access by Solidarity to the state radio and television. Walesa pronounced himself "70%" satisfied with the agreement but admitted that "it will not satisfy everyone."

Nor did it. When Solidarity's national commission assembled in Gdansk to ratify the pact the next day, Walesa came under bitter attack. Jan Rulewski and Mariusz Labentowicz, two Bydgoszcz union leaders hospitalized after the police attack, sent a letter accusing Walesa of "bungling" the negotiations. "You lost everything," the letter charged scornfully. "We can compromise on the supply of onions, but not when blood has been spilled." Fumed a union leader from Lublin: "It was our only chance so far to achieve almost everything. But now it's gone."

But if some local union leaders chafed at Walesa's moderation, there were strong expressions of support from the rank and file. All the Gdansk factories submitted a joint resolution backing the compromise agreement. Walesa seized on the moderate mood to accuse the militant leaders of losing touch with the grass roots and forgetting "that they too had been workers once." He ultimately managed to hold the line against the radicals: the commission decided to accept the agreement and strike cancellation by a vote of 25 to 4, with six abstentions.

Next day, simmering dissensions boiled over into what amounted to a leadership purge. Anna Walentynowicz, a fiery radical who opposed the agreement, was ousted from the national commission by her own Gdansk local. It was an iron-

## Urgent Need: An Economic Bailout

"Poland is like a company that is no longer capable of selling its stock on the free market," complains a senior banker in Düsseldorf. "The problem goes beyond the banks. Poland is in default already." More discreet financiers might find that view extreme, but none would deny the gravity of Poland's economic and financial crisis.

Warsaw's growing foreign debt, which already stands at $27 billion, is sending increasingly nervous tremors through the international financial community. This year alone, the Poles must pay back $7.5 billion worth of loans to the West. That is a heavy burden for a country whose hard currency reserves are dangerously low and whose industrial production has dropped by 10% just in the past year. Even the official Polish Press Agency last week admitted that because of the nation's economic turmoil, the first quarter of 1981 was the "grimmest" in Poland's postwar history. To complete the gloomy landscape, a critical food shortage, compounded by panic buying, has resulted in frustratingly long lines in front of near empty shops.

Even as a new emergency meat-rationing plan took effect last week, Warsaw's trade emissaries fanned out through Western capitals in a desperate campaign for food and credit. In London, officials from Warsaw's Bank Handlowy met representatives of 20 Western commercial banks to talk about rescheduling loan payments. In Brussels, the European Community agreed to sell Warsaw more meat, dairy products and grain at 15% below the market price. Polish Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski flew to Paris and Washington. The veteran negotiator met with President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and won a pledge of $800 million in aid, plus shipments of surplus wheat. In Washington, Jagielski was received by Secretary of State Alexander Haig and Vice President George Bush; they promised to sell Warsaw 50,000 tons of surplus butter and dried milk and to consider cooperating on rescheduling Poland's $3 billion U.S. debt.

Any long-term economic recovery will ultimately depend on the Poles themselves. There can be little progress without fundamental reforms, severe austerity measures and an end to periodic work stoppages. Admonished one Austrian banker: "What the Poles need to do is to go back to work and then work some more." That idea is sure to be difficult to sell at a time when appetites have been whetted for more labor benefits, not sacrifices. If little else, however, Poles retain a reserve of good, if somewhat grim, humor. A joke making the rounds last week tells of a Warsaw resident who encounters a neighbor going to Katowice, about 165 miles away, to buy some meat. "Why not buy your meat in Warsaw?" he asks. Answers the other: "I do, but the line starts in Katowice."

Familiar scene in a gloomy economic landscape: Warsaw shoppers lining up to buy food

ic passing, since it had been her sacking from the Lenin Shipyard last August that had helped spark the strikes that gave birth to Solidarity. At the same time, militant Solidarity Spokesman Karol Modzelewski, a leading dissident, resigned in protest over the agreement. Thus, Walesa and his fellow moderates appeared to emerge from last week's crisis in firm control of the national leadership.

Party Boss Stanislaw Kania was in no position to gloat over Solidarity's internal conflicts. He had to contend with an equally fractious tug of war between the moderates and the hard-liners within Warsaw's Communist hierarchy. Only a day before the strike-averting accord was reached, these two factions slugged it out at a stormy 18-hour Central Committee meeting. The hard-liners, led by Politburo Members Stefan Olszowski and Tadeusz Grabski, reportedly pushed for an immediate crackdown against the labor movement. The more pragmatic Politburo leaders, including Kania and Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski, argued for accommodation. They had apparently sought to prepare their ground in advance by organizing a national letter-writing campaign in favor of negotiating with Solidarity.

When the hard-liners unleashed their predictable tirades against the union, they encountered a surprise: most of the speakers reported that the party's rank-and-file membership—39% of whom also belong to Solidarity—were overwhelmingly in favor of the reforms demanded by the union. Said the party first secretary from Szczecin: "We must know that Solidarity is in the first place the working class itself."

Rebuffed by such broad-based opposition, Olszowski and Grabski offered to step down. But the 140-member Central Committee, apparently unwilling to offend Moscow, rejected the proffered resignations and gave the entire Politburo a vote of confidence. The final communiqué, however, was a clear victory for the moderates. It called for continued negotiations with Solidarity, and thus opened the way for the latest settlement. It also recommended closer ties with party organizations at the factory level, an obvious gesture to the rank and file. Finally, it scheduled a Party Congress for this July, when delegates will be chosen democratically by secret ballot for the first time in Poland's 34-year Communist history.

In the end, an encouraging symmetry emerged from the chaotic jumble of the week's events. In both the party and the union, the groups favoring accommodation over confrontation appeared to have won. Kania and Walesa both prevailed against their hard-line adversaries by invoking the wishes of their grass-roots followers. There was no guarantee—but much reason to hope—that thus each of the two leaders could survive the next challenge. *—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Richard Hornik / West Berlin*

THAILAND

# Fast Fizzle for Coup No. 14

*"The last thing we want is to have Thais start killing Thais"*

At first it looked like just another coup in Thailand—the 14th since constitutional government was established in 1932. Rebel army units took key buildings in Bangkok last week, sacked the government and installed their own man, General San Chitpatima, 59, the army's deputy commander. Coup tradition dictated that the incumbent, Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanond, 61, step aside for the new soldier-statesman.

But the characters were barely in place when the familiar scenario began to unravel. Instead of retiring quietly, Prem, also a general, and the army's commander in chief, escaped to the garrison city of Korat, 150 miles northeast of Bangkok. There, with the backing of the immensely popular King Bhumibol Adulyadej, he rallied his forces and skillfully set about isolating San and his fellow conspirators. "Only those who are blind are with the opposition," Prem declared in a radio broadcast from his temporary headquarters. "Almost all the army is in my hands, and the King is with us." At first San tried to counter. "Prem is like a woman who stands under the umbrella of the royal family," he charged in a petulant riposte over Bangkok's radio stations. "Using the royal family as a negotiating tool is a dirty trick." But his support was steadily evaporating, and by week's end —just two days after his attempted takeover—San had fled the country.

Ironically, the coup's instigators, a group of young colonels, had first sought out Prem's support in a late-night meeting just three hours before making their move. Since taking office 13 months ago, Prem has been plagued by factionalism and corruption within his fragile coalition government. The result has been administrative paralysis, despite mounting inflation and commodity shortages. Though Prem has done little to stop the rot, he retains a reputation as a good soldier whose personal integrity is unquestioned. The army's young Turks, most of them 1960 graduates of the Thai Military Academy who formed the nucleus of a so-called Revolutionary Party, apparently hoped to capitalize on that image while offering Prem a fresh start. He refused.

The plotters then turned to San, who signed on almost immediately. His motive, analysts believe, may have been a simple grudge against his lifelong friend, Prem. Last October Prem forced through a change in the country's mandatory retirement law that permitted him to remain in the army, and thus in the commander in chief's position, past his 60th birthday. As a result, San's access to the top military job—and with it perhaps an eventual premiership—seemed blocked.

Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanond

Coup Leader San Chitpatima

Whatever San's reasons, his decision set the coup machinery in motion. Troops, tanks and artillery began moving toward Bangkok from several directions in the dead of night. Some units were even withdrawn from the tense eastern border near the town of Aranyaprathet, site of a number of clashes between Thai and Vietnamese forces over the past two years. "I was scared," recalled Private Udom Suksawat. "I thought we were going to Cambodia." But when the column reached the main highway, it turned west toward Bangkok, rather than east toward the frontier. It was, Udom realized with relief, just another coup. If it followed Thai custom in such matters, not a shot would be fired. "I laughed most of the way," said Udom. "This is my first visit to Bangkok."

By morning, the capital was swarming with soldiers. Troops carrying automatic rifles and rocket launchers were posted outside parliament, Radio Thailand,

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army headquarters and Chitlada Palace, the royal residence. The city's new masters issued a number of tough decrees suspending the legislature, banning political gatherings of more than five people, freezing all military movements and establishing a Revolutionary Council under San's titular leadership. In an initial statement the Council said that its coup was designed to prevent others from grabbing power and turning Thailand into a dictatorship. Prem had resigned, the statement claimed, and the Revolutionary Party had taken control of government.

Prem, however, had already made his getaway—with the royal family in tow. It was the first time that the King and his wife, Queen Sirikit, had been drawn so visibly into a political conflict. Some sources said that the Prime Minister had warned them that their lives were in danger. Others suggested that by going to Korat, the King had made clear his support for Prem's elected government. The unspoken royal message: the time for coups in Thailand was over.

Prem quickly began rallying loyal army units and making his radio broadcasts. He denounced the coup leaders as "traitors" and called on their troops to return to barracks. Soon Cabinet ministers, legislators, high-ranking military officers and leading businessmen began flooding out of Bangkok, headed toward Korat. According to some reports, Prem ordered two air force jets to buzz Government House in Bangkok. He reportedly also sent ten truckloads of troops toward Bangkok—though in true Thai fashion, he stopped them 55 miles short of their destination. "The last thing we want," explained one officer in Korat, "is to have Thais start killing Thais."

As their support melted away, San and the young Turks backpedaled frantically. A day after suspending the constitution, they reinstated it—along with the parliament, which was told it could pick a new government in two weeks. Intellectuals, students, politicians and union leaders were invited to stop by the Army Meeting Hall in Bangkok to air their views. (Only the unions accepted.) The order suspending political meetings was revoked. By the end of his second day in "power," San had found only one man to serve his government: Damrong Sunthornsartoon, Under Secretary of Interior—and he had been fired from the same ministry two months earlier on corruption charges.

The end came quickly. Prem had already cashiered the young Turks in his early speeches. At 9 a.m. on the third day, Prem's headquarters in Korat broadcast a warning to Bangkok's radio announcers: cease reading Revolutionary Party bulletins or be shot. By 9:30 every radio station in Bangkok was broadcasting Prem's version of the news. At 10:30 San boarded a helicopter bound for parts unknown. *—By John Nielsen. Reported by David DeVoss/Bangkok*

TERRORISM

# A Fusillade During Prayers

*In a pair of new skyjackings, terrorists lose one and win another*

The red-and-white DC-9 belonging to Garuda Indonesian Airways sat in the cargo area at Bangkok's Don Muang Airport, harshly illuminated by spotlights. Inside, five fanatic Muslim hijackers knelt in the aisle in thankful prayer, convinced that a deal had been struck and that, as they had demanded, some 80 freed "political prisoners" were on their way from Indonesia. But even as they prayed, a 39-man team of Indonesian commandos were clambering up metal ladders onto the wings of the DC-9. At precisely 2:36 a.m. the plane's doors burst open and the commandos hurtled inside with machine guns blazing. Three of the kneeling terrorists were killed outright. The 44 frightened passengers first ducked behind their seats, then scrambled onto the wings and jumped to safety. A terrorist trying to escape among them was shot dead; another was captured. In nine minutes, the Indonesian military squad had put an end to a three-day hijacking. The toll: the Indonesians' commanding officer and the plane's pilot were critically wounded.

"When I tried to talk with them, they said, 'Keep your mouth shut, or we'll put a bullet through your head,' " Dutch Passenger Hendrik Seisen, 34, recalled later. The five skyjackers were identified as members of the Komando Jihad, or Holy War Command, a shadowy group of Muslim extremists dedicated to Iran-style Islamic revolution in Indonesia. Nervously brandishing machine guns, grenades and dynamite, they demanded $1.5 million in ransom and asylum for themselves and the 80 militants imprisoned by the government of Indonesian President Suharto.

At first the Indonesian government readily agreed to release the prisoners but insisted that time would be needed to assemble them from scattered prisons and to find a third country willing to admit them. As the tense siege wore on, Karl Schneider, 44, a U.S. businessman working in Indonesia, tried to duplicate an earlier escape by a British passenger. The terrorists shot him in the back and dumped him on the tarmac.

The Indonesian commandos had flown to Bangkok two days prior to the attack. After initial reluctance the Thais agreed to deploy 50 army sharpshooters around the DC-9 to back up the Indonesian antiterrorist force. Other governments concurred in the no-deals approach. Said U.S. Ambassador to Thailand Morton Abramowitz, reflecting Washington's sentiment: "The only way to deal with terrorists is a firm refusal to give in to their demands."

If terrorists lost one in Bangkok, they won in another hijack drama in Managua, Nicaragua. A Honduran Sahsa Airlines Boeing 737 was commandeered at gunpoint by five hijackers demanding the release of 15 leftists imprisoned in Honduras. In a complicated deal, the Honduran government agreed to free the prisoners if the plane's 50 passengers and six crew members were released into the custody of Panamanian authorities, acting as intermediaries. The plane was flown to Panama, where the passengers were released, and three days later a Panamanian Air Force jet was dispatched to Honduras to pick up ten leftist prisoners. The released prisoners, along with the hijackers, were to be flown to an unspecified sanctuary. Their probable destination: Cuba. ■

**Indonesian commandos storm hijacked DC-9 at Bangkok airport**

*Convinced that a deal had been struck and prisoners were on their way, as demanded.*

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Mary Baroody, '84, with associate professor of music Sister Carol Nolan, S.P.

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SOUTH KOREA

# "I Have Been Given a Mission"

*Chun ponders the North, and his own power*

In just 15 months, President Chun Doo Hwan has consolidated his political grip on South Korea to a degree that nearly rivals that of his assassinated predecessor, Strongman Park Chung Hee. Two weeks ago, Chun's Democratic Justice Party swept to a healthy majority—151 seats—in the country's 276-member National Assembly. After formally taking office last August, the tough former general first tightened, then abolished martial law, launched an anticorruption campaign, and promulgated a new constitution. He spared the life of Dissident Leader Kim Dae Jung, an act that contributed to the success of Chun's February call on President Reagan. Chun has also shrewdly challenged Dictator Kim Il Sung to attend a precedent-setting Korean unification summit. Last week, in an interview with Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Anatole Grunwald, Tokyo Bureau Chief Edwin Reingold and Correspondent S. Chang in Seoul's executive mansion, Chun discussed policy problems and his belief that "providence" guides his rule. Excerpts:

**On his party's electoral victory:** I received an overwhelming vote of confidence. This indicated to me that I have learned what the people want—political stability, sustained economic growth and the ability to maintain peace on the Korean peninsula.

**On his purge of political opponents:** In the past there were many politicians whose names were connected with corruption of the political process. There are

**South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan**

*"I have learned what the people want."*

those who violated the law by promoting, instigating, agitating disturbances, advocating violence, all contrary to political modernization. It is to be understood that this could not continue. The government could not evade its moral responsibility to change the political climate of the past. [The politicians] are not restricted from any nonpolitical activities. They are simply not participating in political campaigns and so on. If you talk about general principles, then I agree, every citizen ought to be able to participate in politics.

**On inviting North Korean Communist Boss Kim Il Sung to talk about reunification:** I made my proposal as an unconditional offer of a dialogue. This is prompted not because there were hopeful signs. On the contrary, the North is as hostile toward us as ever. But we are maintaining peace at a considerable cost to ourselves and our allies. To make war less likely, it is important that I meet with Kim Il Sung. He has experienced the Korean War and has personal recollections of that war. If he should die, his son would take over. Now here we would have a man who does not know what fear means, does not know the horror of war.

Distrust and hostility have been reinforced by concrete evidence of North Korean provocations, so you cannot blame the people for distrusting the North Koreans—and I suppose they do not look upon us kindly. It is useless to talk to anybody other than Kim Il Sung, so he and I must meet and begin a dialogue. Let us talk first of the relatively easy problems, so as to build up gradually an atmosphere of mutual trust and confidence. We should persevere through this effort to begin the dialogue, which could make peace a little more secure, a little less precarious. The U.S. should support this position and also mobilize world opinion so that Mr. Kim will find it very difficult to refuse.

**On the prospect of a "German" solution* for the Koreas:** There is a fundamental difference between North Korea and the German Democratic Republic [East Germany]. There may be a cult of personality in other Communist countries, but Kim Il Sung is idolized as a demigod in

*Espousal of reunion in principle, while effectively being two separate states, as in the case of East and West Germany.

# Hating G.I.s Is Child's Play

Young Nam, a North Korean preschooler, has a problem: he cannot bring himself to shoot at American G.I. target dummies during kindergarten rifle practice. He loses sleep at nap time, brooding over his failure. Nam has every reason to learn to kill the Yankees, his teacher tells him, since they force South Korean children to become homeless street hucksters.

Happily, the remedy to his dilemma comes to Nam in a dream: a blue-eyed American sergeant breaks into a bucolic toy community and despoils the place. Animal figurines and little children drive out the invader. So inspired is Nam that he rushes out to the rifle range and knocks off four G.I. targets in a row. As schoolmates cheer, an instructor exclaims, "When you have enough hatred, you can hit them!"

That bit of bloodthirsty anti-American child's play, titled *Hunting Yankees*, is standard fare in North Korea these days, part of the indoctrination into the cult of Great Leader Kim Il Sung. The special children's film, and others like it, is shown at nursery schools throughout the country and sometimes exported to Communist audiences abroad.

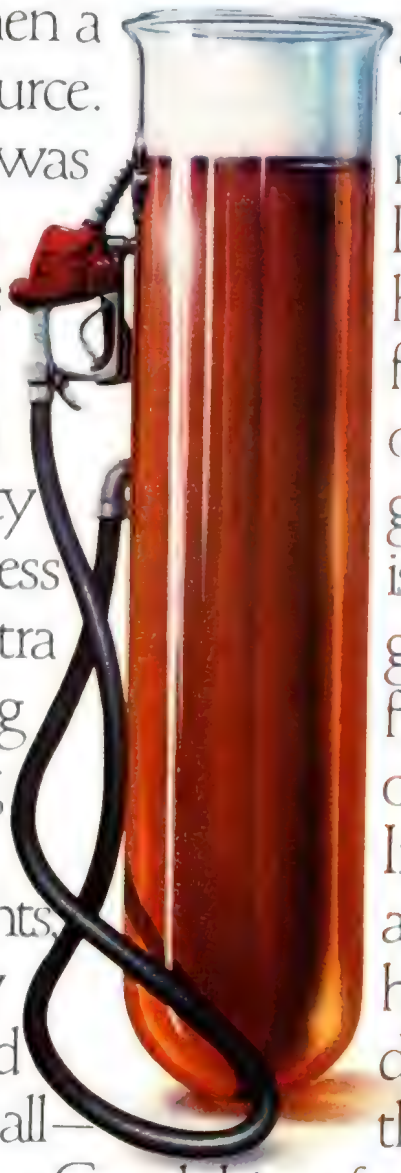
**TV image of evil Yankee**

It has long been North Korea's contention that only the presence of U.S. troops—"bloodthirsty wolves"—in the South has prevented a popular uprising against governments in Seoul. For a time, while ex-President Jimmy Carter favored a unilateral U.S. troop reduction in South Korea, the propaganda abated. Now the hate mills have cranked up again.

Films like *Hunting Yankees* are shown to North Korean youngsters practically from infancy, since children from the age of 19 months are reared in state kindergartens, away from their parents for five days a week. Anti-Americanism is supplemented with history lessons and lectures, operas and television programs. Indeed, whole museums—off limits to visiting non-Communist foreigners—are devoted to the task of teaching youngsters like Nam to hate—and shoot straight.

# How to get more gasoline without drilling one new oil well.

Each year, billions are spent on a never-ending search to drill through countless miles of bedrock. Often resulting in little more than sunken hopes. Dusters. Dry holes. Then a gusher of sorts. From an unlikely source. A laboratory. Crude oil so gunky, it was mainly used as boiler fuel. But now, Phillips Petroleum research teams have discovered an economically feasible way to turn these "bottom of the barrel" crudes into high quality gasoline. And right now, this process is giving our country 100 million extra gallons of gasoline a year. Something from almost nothing. It's like striking oil without drilling one new hole. Instead, we dug with experiments, and finally found this potentially huge resource not with steam and drill bits, but with the keenest tool of all— the human mind. Phillips Petroleum. Good things for cars and the people who drive them. **The Performance Company**



SOUTH KOREA

# "I Have Been Given a Mission"

*Chun ponders the North, and his own power*

In just 15 months, President Chun Doo Hwan has consolidated his political grip on South Korea to a degree that nearly rivals that of his assassinated predecessor, Strongman Park Chung Hee. Two weeks ago, Chun's Democratic Justice Party swept to a healthy majority—151 seats—in the country's 276-member National Assembly. After formally taking office last August, the tough former general first tightened, then abolished martial law, launched an anticorruption campaign, and promulgated a new constitution. He spared the life of Dissident Leader Kim Dae Jung, an act that contributed to the success of Chun's February call on President Reagan. Chun has also shrewdly challenged Dictator Kim Il Sung to attend a precedent-setting Korean unification summit. Last week, in an interview with Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Anatole Grunwald, Tokyo Bureau Chief Edwin Reingold and Correspondent S. Chang in Seoul's executive mansion, Chun discussed policy problems and his belief that "providence" guides his rule. Excerpts:

**On his party's electoral victory:** I received an overwhelming vote of confidence. This indicated to me that I have learned what the people want—political stability, sustained economic growth and the ability to maintain peace on the Korean peninsula.

**On his purge of political opponents:** In the past there were many politicians whose names were connected with corruption of the political process. There are

DOUGLAS WILKINSON

**South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan**
*"I have learned what the people want."*

those who violated the law by promoting, instigating, agitating disturbances, advocating violence, all contrary to political modernization. It is to be understood that this could not continue. The government could not evade its moral responsibility to change the political climate of the past. [The politicians] are not restricted from any nonpolitical activities. They are simply not participating in political campaigns and so on. If you talk about general principles, then I agree, every citizen ought to be able to participate in politics.

**On inviting North Korean Communist Boss Kim Il Sung to talk about reunification:** I made my proposal as an unconditional offer of a dialogue. This is prompted not because there were hopeful signs. On the contrary, the North is as hostile toward us as ever. But we are maintaining peace at a considerable cost to ourselves and our allies. To make war less likely, it is important that I meet with Kim Il Sung. He has experienced the Korean War and has personal recollections of that war. If he should die, his son would take over. Now here we would have a man who does not know what fear means, does not know the horror of war.

Distrust and hostility have been reinforced by concrete evidence of North Korean provocations, so you cannot blame the people for distrusting the North Koreans—and I suppose they do not look upon us kindly. It is useless to talk to anybody other than Kim Il Sung, so he and I must meet and begin a dialogue. Let us talk first of the relatively easy problems, so as to build up gradually an atmosphere of mutual trust and confidence. We should persevere through this effort to begin the dialogue, which could make peace a little more secure, a little less precarious. The U.S. should support this position and also mobilize world opinion so that Mr. Kim will find it very difficult to refuse.

**On the prospect of a "German" solution" for the Koreas:** There is a fundamental difference between North Korea and the German Democratic Republic [East Germany]. There may be a cult of personality in other Communist countries, but Kim Il Sung is idolized as a demigod in

*Espousal of reunion in principle, while effectively being two separate states, as in the case of East and West Germany

# Hating G.I.s Is Child's Play

Young Nam, a North Korean preschooler, has a problem: he cannot bring himself to shoot at American G.I. target dummies during kindergarten rifle practice. He loses sleep at nap time, brooding over his failure. Nam has every reason to learn to kill the Yankees, his teacher tells him, since they force South Korean children to become homeless street hucksters.

Happily, the remedy to his dilemma comes to Nam in a dream: a blue-eyed American sergeant breaks into a bucolic toy community and despoils the place. Animal figurines and little children drive out the invader. So inspired is Nam that he rushes out to the rifle range and knocks off four G.I. targets in a row. As schoolmates cheer, an instructor exclaims, "When you have enough hatred, you can hit them!"

That bit of bloodthirsty anti-American child's play, titled *Hunting Yankees*, is standard fare in North Korea these days, part of the indoctrination into the cult of Great Leader Kim Il Sung. The special children's film, and others like it, is shown at nursery schools throughout the country and sometimes exported to Communist audiences abroad.

**TV image of evil Yankee**

It has long been North Korea's contention that only the presence of U.S. troops—"bloodthirsty wolves"—in the South has prevented a popular uprising against governments in Seoul. For a time, while ex-President Jimmy Carter favored a unilateral U.S. troop reduction in South Korea, the propaganda abated. Now the hate mills have cranked up again.

Films like *Hunting Yankees* are shown to North Korean youngsters practically from infancy, since children from the age of 19 months are reared in state kindergartens, away from their parents for five days a week. Anti-Americanism is supplemented with history lessons and lectures, operas and television programs. Indeed, whole museums—off limits to visiting non-Communist foreigners—are devoted to the task of teaching youngsters like Nam to hate—and shoot straight.

North Korea. There have been changes of the guard in East Germany and other places, but there has never been a change in North Korea since the end of World War II. This is unique on earth. If you want to understand how peculiar this situation is, ask yourself this question: Could Brezhnev or even Mao Tse-tung himself nominate his own son to be his successor and get away with it?

**On Asian security and the Soviet military buildup:** Together with the U.S., in Korea we are defending not only northeast Asia but by extension global peace. It is the view of many that each country throughout the world must do its share. The U.S. has been the defender of the free world, but today it cannot do it alone. Japan could make a greater contribution and help the U.S. defense budget. It could help to keep the sea lanes open and get involved more in air defense.

Soviet strategic policy is expansionist. This is of grave concern for Pacific basin countries. The effect of Soviet air and naval expansion [could] be aimed at an isolation of China and, depending on the degree, isolation of the U.S.

**On South Korea's relations with Communist nations:** We are as a matter of principle in favor of exchanges of goods and people with countries that do not agree with us ideologically, provided that those countries do not take hostile action against us. But I do not believe it will be easy to improve these relations rapidly. The U.S. could help us, for example, by helping to persuade China to engage in an exchange of goods, to recognize the Republic of Korea and [help] the R.O.K. become a member of the United Nations. Then the U.S. could recognize the existence of North Korea.

**On South Korea's economic outlook:** I rule out dramatic economic growth. We seek stable economic growth based on stable prices. During the '80s, we would like to achieve an average annual growth rate of 7%. I am optimistic. Our export trade is improving steadily, and we have highly competent public servants to deal with the problem of planning an economic policy. We also have a hard-working, zealous, dedicated labor force.

**On the uses of power:** I have never personally wanted or worked for [it], but people in Korea say, "God help the President." That means providence is involved in power and authority. You do not grab it just because it is there. Rather than achieving this power, I have been given a mission and responsibility. That is how I look at it. And whatever your job is, it is important that you win, if not the respect, at least the trust and confidence of your colleagues and the people you serve. I can tell you my philosophy: balance is of great importance. In other words, avoid extremes. ■

BRITAIN

# Sedition in the Establishment?

*More startling suggestions about men at the top*

**Mountbatten shortly before his death**

*"This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."*
—William Shakespeare, *Richard II*

This nest of Oxbridge spies, this den of Establishment traitors as well, if Fleet Street is to be believed. Two weeks ago, Britons were stunned by accusations in the *Daily Mail* that the late Sir Roger Hollis, chief of MI5, British counterintelligence, before his retirement in 1965, was himself a Soviet spy.

Last week the *Sunday Times* produced a different sort of shocker, and the featured players were no less stunning: the late Earl Mountbatten of Burma, cousin of Queen Elizabeth and onetime Admiral of the Fleet; and Cecil King, now 80, former chairman of the International Publishing Corporation, Britain's largest press empire. The *Sunday Times* revived the story of a 1968 meeting between the two, first told by Lord Hugh Cudlipp, who was then deputy chairman of I.P.C. According to Cudlipp's 1976 autobiography, King had sought the assistance of Lord Mountbatten to mount a military coup against the faltering Labor government of then Prime Minister Harold Wilson.

According to the *Sunday Times's* story, another former MI5 head, Sir Martin Furnival Jones, had conducted a security investigation of this alleged plot and found that the conspirators were "civil servants and military" and "a pretty loony crew." The paper then quoted Lady Falkender, who as Marcia Williams was Wilson's private secretary, as calling Mountbatten a "prime mover" in the plot.

The idea of the imperious King as a coup maker sounded far-fetched, but there was no dispute that a meeting had taken place. King had appeared at Mountbatten's Belgravia flat accompanied by Cudlipp. Sir Solly Zuckerman, a friend of Mountbatten's, was also present when King suggested that Mountbatten head a new government after the fall of Wilson. Snapped Zuckerman: "This is treachery. I will have nothing to do with it." Then he stormed out of the room.

Retired and living in Dublin, King insisted last week that it was he who had been summoned by Mountbatten, who introduced the idea of countering the Wilson government and quizzed King about how it could be done. Said King: "I told him the time might come when he had a role to play." King last week denied, however, that a coup was ever discussed. Mountbatten, of course, is dead, killed by the I.R.A. in August 1979. Wilson labeled the allegation of Mountbatten's involvement in a plot "an unwarranted slur."

Indeed, in an exclusive interview with TIME's Frank Melville in 1978, Mountbatten had given a version of the encounter that tallied with the account in Cudlipp's book. Said Mountbatten: "Cecil King came to see me, at his own request, and said would I take over the country, to which my retort was to kick him out. I asked Mr. King to leave, and he left with Cudlipp 20 seconds after Zuckerman. King was a man filled with *folie de grandeur*, saying 'I can fix it.' I said, 'This is rank treason. Out.' "

As it happened, King himself soon became the victim of a coup of sorts. Two days after the Mountbatten meeting, he personally penned a vitriolic anti-Wilson editorial in the *Daily Mirror*, an I.P.C. paper. The company's board of directors was so incensed that King was fired and Cudlipp installed as chairman. ■

**King and Cudlipp in London in 1963**
*Differing versions of a treacherous chat.*

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NISSAN

# The Polaroid SX-70 Autc

**With New Time-Zero Supercolor Film.**

The photographs shown here not only illustrate the sophistication of one of the world's finest cameras, they also offer a Polaroid-eye-view of one of the world's most exclusive auction houses, Sotheby Parke Bernet.

**1** This detail of an Aubusson tapestry testifies both to the visual splendor which abounds at Sotheby's and to the advantage of single lens viewing. Unlike all other instant cameras, the SX-70 AutoFocus is an SLR. So the composition you see through the lens is the picture you get.

**2** As you can see, not all of the lovely things at Sotheby's are objets d'art. Note how new Polaroid Time-Zero Supercolor film faithfully reproduces not only the rich jewel tones of this young woman's costume but the subtler hues of her complexion as well.

**3** The hands of Sotheby's master craftsman Gian Asaro, captured here restoring a 16th century figure, demonstrate Polaroid's amazing sonar autofocus system. While all you do is aim and shoot, the SX-70 AutoFocus sets the aperture and shutter and whips the lens into precise focus. Automatically.

**4** Each time you open your SX-70 AutoFocus, a unique sharing experience unfolds. Both you and your subject can react to the world's fastest emerging color image in just 10 seconds. And as the picture develops, so does the chemistry.

**5** Pictured here is an extreme close-up of a rare, Early American coverlet. No other camera lets you move in this close—as close as 10.4 inches—without expensive extra lenses.

**6** You can almost feel the cool countenance of this magnificent marble bust. Because while other instant cameras have plastic lenses, the SX-70 AutoFocus has a fine, four-element glass lens that can give you the crisp, clear images you demand.

Perhaps now you can see why, no matter where your imagination takes you, no other camera in the world lets you leave with remarkable photographs like these, right in your hand.

**No other instant camera comes close.**

1

4

# Focus goes to Sotheby's.

2

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# New Voices for a New Era

*A fresh battalion carries the banner of corporate America in Washington*

When Big Business wanted to make noise in Washington in recent years, it called on an elite corps of corporate chieftains. Not content to leave the lobbying to hired hands, members of the Business Roundtable, composed of chief executive officers from some 200 major corporations, personally trod White House and congressional corridors to press for business tax breaks or to protest nitpicking Government regulations. Du Pont Chairman Irving Shapiro, General Motors Chairman Thomas Murphy, Chase Manhattan Chairman David Rockefeller and General Electric Chairman Reginald Jones became almost as familiar around the capital as the Marine Band, promoting not only tax relief for their companies but also job programs and reforms of the legal system. Says Shapiro: "We wanted to demonstrate that there are sensible human beings running big companies, people who can think beyond their own personal business interests."

But now the business guard in Washington is changing. Because of their almost simultaneous retirement, Shapiro, Rockefeller, Jones, Murphy and several other corporate leaders are being replaced by a new group of top corporate lobbyists. Meanwhile, other groups, representing smaller companies and entrepreneurs, are also attempting to establish close relations with an Administration already favorably disposed toward business.

Despite Jimmy Carter's obvious coolness toward businessmen from large companies, the Business Roundtable had a good record during the last Administration. Carter frequently turned to Shapiro and Jones, two leading Roundtable officials, for their advice. Before the appointment of G. William Miller as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, the White House conferred with both men on the merits of various candidates. Jones, who turned down an offer from Carter to be Secretary of the Treasury, played a major role in formulating the business part of the 1978 tax cut.

It is too soon to know whether the new corporate leaders will have the same influence, but they come with impressive records. Some of the leading new spokesmen for Big Business in Washington:

**Clifton C. Garvin Jr.,** 60. Last year the Business Roundtable tapped the folksy but forceful head of Exxon to replace Thomas Murphy as its chairman and chief public spokesman. That was a surprising move, considering the unpopularity of oil companies, but Garvin had long since proved his ability to defend business. In the summer of 1979, even as Americans were stuck in gasoline lines across the country, he appeared on the *Phil Donahue* television show and calmly argued that the shortage was not contrived. A chemical engineer and an Exxon man for 34 years, Garvin believes that energy price controls have promoted profligacy and impeded production. Says he: "If we can shift the underlying bias in U.S. economic policy away from consumption and toward production, we can solve our problems."

**Theodore F. Brophy,** 58. With bushy white eyebrows that give him the appearance of a wise owl, Brophy is the consummate advocate, equally at home in a courtroom and before a congressional subcommittee. A graduate of Harvard Law School, he became general counsel for General Telephone & Electronics in 1959. He rose through the ranks by negotiating the acquisition of independent telephone companies. Brophy, who chairs the Roundtable's taxation task force, has urged incentives to encourage capital formation. One of his proposals: income taxes on stock dividends that are automatically reinvested in the company should be deferred until the shares are sold.

**James H. Evans,** 61. The son of a Kentucky Baptist preacher, Evans has been law clerk to former Supreme Court Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, financial vice president of Dun & Bradstreet and president of New York's Seamen's Bank for Savings. As chairman of the Union Pacific Corp., he rules an empire encompassing the U.S.'s eighth largest railroad, oil and gas operations, uranium and coal mines and 1 million acres of real estate. Like Brophy, Evans argues that reducing the business tax burden is crucial to boosting America's sagging productivity. Says he: "People want to put in a day's work for a day's pay. We just need the dollars to give them the tools to do the job."

**Walter B. Wriston,** 61. Already well known as the chairman of Citibank, the U.S.'s second largest bank ($102 billion in assets), Wriston has replaced David Rockefeller as the premier spokesman for America's moneymen. A graduate of Tufts University's Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Wriston has pushed Citibank into the forefront of the banking rev-

Clifton Garvin of Exxon

STELLA—FORTUNE

Robert Beck of Prudential

Theodore Brophy of General Telephone

Colorado Brewer Joseph Coors

Arthur Levitt Jr., founder of the new ABC

olution symbolized by automatic teller machines. Low interest rate ceilings on passbook deposits, he maintains, discourage the savings that are desperately needed to spur investment. Says he with characteristic bluntness: "We're being forced to rip off the public. The savers are subsidizing the borrowers."

**Ruben F. Mettler,** 57. As a young aeronautical engineer working for Ramo-Wooldridge Corp. in the 1950s, Mettler supervised the development of Pioneer I, the first satellite launched by a private firm. He is now chairman of TRW, the aerospace and automotive giant that resulted when Ramo-Wooldridge merged with Thompson Products. Mettler heads the Roundtable's employment task force. Says he: "Businessmen can participate more in special training programs for the hard-to-employ. That is a way to increase productivity where it counts the most."

**Robert A. Beck,** 55. Beck joined Prudential Insurance Co. in 1951 as a sales agent and during the next 27 years clambered to the pinnacle of the "Rock." Only one other chairman had ever started out selling policies—John Dryden, who founded the firm in 1875. Still driven by a door-to-door salesman's enthusiasm, Beck works standing up at a desk built into his office wall. He will be arguing the Business Roundtable's views on Social Security and pensions. As a lifelong insurance man, he naturally stresses the importance of future planning for businesses as well as individuals. Says he: "Executives have been so busy fighting fires that they haven't had time for the longer-term view. But business is now very conscious of the critical need to have new plant and equipment, new technology and research."

In addition to supporting Reagan's package of tax cuts, reductions in Government spending and regulatory reform, the Roundtable has its own ambitious agenda. A top priority is encouraging programs that boost U.S. exports. The business leaders, for example, assert that the procedures for obtaining a Government export license should be simplified and that federal taxes on Americans working abroad should be lowered.

Another Roundtable goal is to establish better relations with organized labor. Business and union leaders have joined together to form a new labor-management group with the help of Harvard Professor John Dunlop, who was President Ford's Secretary of Labor. The Roundtable's Garvin will head a management contingent that will also include Evans, Wriston and Mettler. The alliance will search for ways to create new jobs, boost industrial productivity and bolster U.S. competitiveness in world markets.

While the Business Roundtable has been a particularly effective lobbyist for corporate America in Washington, it is not the only one. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers and the National Federation of Independent Business also plead the cause of business, especially for medium- and small-size companies. The Reagan White House is expected to give all these groups equal access. Before his economic message to Congress in February, the President called in representatives from the Roundtable and the other organizations for conversation, coffee and jelly beans. Says James ("Mike") McKevitt, a director of the NFIB: "To the President's credit, we were at the table along with Big Business. I've never seen that before in my ten years in Washington."

Now still another voice has been added to what is rapidly becoming a business babel in Washington: the American Business Conference was formed to speak for medium-size growth companies. (Membership is limited to chief executives from 100 firms that have annual sales between $20 million and $1 billion and have expanded by at least 15% in each of the past five years.) ABC is lobbying for a sharp reduction in the capital gains tax, which would stimulate investment in rapidly growing companies. The members also strongly oppose federal aid to ailing industries. Says Arthur Levitt Jr., chairman of the American Stock Exchange and ABC's founder: "I believe in economic Darwinism, a system that permits winners to win and losers to lose."

All the official, card-carrying corporate leaders will have to compete for the President's ear with the so-called kitchen Cabinet, a band of businessmen who are Reagan's longtime cronies and fund raisers. Among them: Justin Dart of Dart & Kraft, the diversified Illinois-based food, housewares and chemical concern; William Wilson, a Southern California real estate developer; Holmes Tuttle, a Los Angeles Ford dealer; and Joseph Coors, the Colorado brewer. All have access to Reagan. Says Tuttle: "The morning after the Inauguration, Dart and I sat down with the President and gave our impression of the budget. We keep saying the same thing: cut, cut and then cut some more."

Reagan's buddies went a bit too far last month when they began putting the arm on corporations for outsize contributions to mount a public relations campaign touting the President's economic policies. Reagan scuttled his friends' fund raising after deciding that it could be politically embarrassing. Shortly thereafter the kitchen Cabinet lost its quarters —an office in the Old Executive Office Building across from the White House —when Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese III ordered the group to move, on the grounds that private individuals should not be occupying Government property. But no matter. Even without a base practically next door to the Oval Office, the many spokesmen for American business in Washington can count on comfortable surroundings for the next four years. *—By Charles Alexander. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Janice C. Simpson/New York*

# Surprise Strike

## *The U.M.W. digs itself a hole*

It was nice while it lasted. For exactly one week, it looked as if the nation's $21 billion coal industry would be able to avoid yet another of the lengthy and disruptive strikes that since 1966 have repeatedly marred contract talks with miners. Yet after United Mine Workers President Sam Church Jr. finished hammering out a new three-year contract with mineowners belonging to the Bituminous Coal Operators' Association and submitted the pact for ratification to the union's feisty rank and file, the U.M.W.'s 160,000 soft-coal miners overwhelmingly rejected it. Workers and employers then began digging in for what suddenly promised to be a prolonged strike. The longest on record: the U.M.W.'s 111-day walkout in 1977 and early 1978.

The most surprised miner of all was the hulking, tobacco-chomping Church, 44, who became president of the 91-year-old union in 1979. Determined to negotiate a contract that would cement his support within the U.M.W., Church emerged from two months of wage and benefit talks in possession of a package that seemed overflowing with concessions to the miners. Included in the deal: a 36% pay and benefits increase over three years, boosts in pension payments for retired miners and surviving spouses, and a ban on mandatory Sunday work, which mineowners had been demanding but workers had vehemently opposed.

Though Church stumped the pit heads from Springfield, Ill., to Pittsburgh to push the pact, the union rebuffed it by a vote of more than 2 to 1. Many members argued that provisions in the contract gave mine operators power to lease coal property to nonunion companies as well as skimp on contributions to pension funds. On the other hand, industry officials seemed to feel that the rejection simply reflected the union's weakening grasp on its members. Said one: "Facts had nothing to do with it. Rationality went out the window. What developed was emotion, suspicion and misinformation. It just gathered." Conceded Kentucky Miner Tommy Gaston, a member of the union's negotiating team: "I think the biggest problem was that the contract was not properly explained to the members. If it had been, I think the pact would have passed by 80%."

Because big coal users like public utilities and heavy industry have stockpiles that should last nearly four months, the U.S. is in good shape to weather a fairly long strike. The U.M.W. itself is another matter. Union membership has grown slightly, while nonunion mines have proliferated in the East and Midwest, along with the sprawling strip-mining operations of the Rocky Mountain states. As a result, mines covered by the U.M.W. agreement currently account for only 44% of overall U.S. coal production, and the strike will probably reduce this figure further. Said Doug Heape, 23, a Tamaroa, Ill., miner with three years' experience underground: "The longer we're out, the more it's going to hurt." With no new contract talks now scheduled, the hurting may go on for a long time. ■

# The Secret to Budget Cuts

*It might have been sheer coincidence that President Reagan's first official act after his close brush with death last week was signing a bill for a $147 million reduction in dairy price supports. But don't bet on it. Later in the week the Senate approved, by a vote of 88 to 10, $36.9 billion in budget reductions. Alan Greenspan, former chief economist to President Ford and a member of* TIME's *Board of Economists, explains the surprising ease with which the budget cuts are passing in Congress:*

Western democracies have for years been attempting to contain budgets dominated by social welfare outlays. Nonetheless, spending generally continues to rise at a pace faster than the growth in revenues. Governments, politically pressed by inflation, are struggling to overcome special interest pressures with little visible success. The travail of Britain's Margaret Thatcher is the most publicized recent example. But in the past few weeks, President Reagan may have, partly by calculation and partly by happenstance, found the key to defusing special interest pressures and reining in spending.

Alan Greenspan

The presumption that spending could be cut by close to $40 billion was at first either ridiculed or greeted with deep skepticism by those anointed with "conventional wisdom." Yet there is now reasonable probability that most of the President's proposals will become law. What has changed?

There has long been a suspicion that budget growth could be reduced if somehow all programs were pared concurrently. But there was no way to reverse the historic logrolling process by which differing lobbyists joined to support each other's programs. To most legislators, voting down an appropriation that benefited a special interest was perceived as a large loss; the benefits to individual taxpayers, typically a small gain. Not surprisingly, past endeavors to cut special interest appropriations usually lost by large margins.

The so-called reconciliation process, however, allows the budget committees, with the agreement of a majority of both houses, to commit individual appropriation committees to fixed ceilings in a spending package. This method has existed since the Budget Act of 1974, but it remained essentially dormant until recently. Under this procedure, the benefits to the average taxpayer of huge budget cuts are clear, and the cost to any special interest is diluted. A vote against cash benefits for one's constituents can far more easily be defended as a regrettable part of a much broader bill.

Moreover, an omnibus bill of cuts tends to force special interest groups to compete with each other. Lobbyists clearly function best when they deal with one issue at a time. In fact, some White House aides only half facetiously forecast that following the President's proposals on Feb. 18 for sharp spending cuts, special interest lobbyists flying into Washington's National Airport would clog up at the gates and never make it into town.

Had President Reagan submitted cuts of $10 billion to $15 billion from the 1982 budget, history suggests that he would have achieved reductions of $3 billion or less. Having requested nearly $50 billion, he is likely to achieve upwards of $40 billion. But if he had proposed $60 billion, some major part of the program would probably have failed, and the whole package of cuts would then have surely unraveled.

In this sense, President Reagan and Budget Director David Stockman have apparently come upon the critical mass for budget cuts. Just as in nuclear physics, where exactly the right amount of uranium is needed to trigger a chain reaction, the cuts must be big enough to create a large political benefit yet not so large as to risk the loss of a critical part of the package in Congress.

It is too early to conclude unqualifiedly that President Reagan has discovered the key to control the runaway budget. But if he succeeds, it would be an important signal to our allies that budget-induced inflation can be tamed.

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The founder, right, congratulating three pilots on a 1926 Boston-to-New York air-mail flight

# The Sky Rider

*Juan Trippe: 1899-1981*

He was a reclusive man who for years paid himself the spartan salary of $10,000. Yet Juan Terry Trippe, the patriarch of Pan American World Airways, was also quite a gambler. He pushed Pan Am into the jet age and in 1966, foreseeing a market for jumbo planes capable of carrying nearly 500 passengers across a continent or an ocean, sealed a $150 million deal for six Boeing 747s with a handshake.

Starting with a borrowed single-engine Fairchild FC2, Trippe built an airborne empire that was the acknowledged flagship of U.S. aviation for more than three decades. He also sent masses of air travelers around the world by inaugurating tourist-class fares in 1947. Last week this pioneer of world aviation died of a stroke at 81.

The son of a Manhattan banker, the stocky Trippe left Yale to become a naval aviator during World War I. In 1921 he became the manager of tiny Long Island Airways. Three years later he put together Colonial Air Transport with help from friends, including Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and William H. Vanderbilt. That airline won the first Post Office contract to deliver U.S. air mail on a route between New York City and Boston.

By 1927, however, the domestic field had become too crowded to suit Trippe, so he abandoned air transportation within the U.S. and formed Pan American. The new company concentrated on international routes; its earliest Key West to Havana run carried just eight passengers in trimotor Fokkers. The airline quickly expanded its routes throughout Latin America and the Pacific. Charles A. Lindbergh, fresh from his solo flight across the Atlantic, soon became a key Pan Am adviser. "Lindbergh," Trippe always maintained, "was our greatest pilot and navigator."

For the next 40 years, Trippe and Pan Am played a central role in nearly every major development in commercial aviation. He pioneered the use of the great amphibian "clippers" used on transatlantic and transpacific flights prior to World War II. In 1955 Pan Am was the first U.S. company to order the commercial jets that would cut flying time in half and make air travel the most popular form of mass transportation. Eleven years later, Trippe bought the first wide-bodied jets, now the workhorses of long-distance aviation.

Last year, when Pan Am bought National Airlines for $393.6 million, the company for the first time added a full range of domestic routes to its international network. Even so, at Trippe's death, Pan Am no longer resembled the airline of its glory days. Since his retirement in 1968, the company has faced serious problems because of declining passenger revenues, rapidly rising costs (particularly for fuel) and tough competition from subsidized foreign carriers. Yet for nearly half a century and in everything from Sikorsky amphibians to Boeing jumbo jets, Juan Trippe made the going great. ■

# By the Numbers

*Accounting for inflation*

The spring flood of corporate annual reports is now flowing into mailboxes of America's 29.8 million shareholders. Along with the pretty pictures, fancy graphs and carefully chiseled words, many contain the most significant change in accounting procedures in decades. They reflect the effects of inflation on a company's financial performance.

In nearly all cases the new bottom line proves to be lower than almost anyone had imagined. Bethlehem Steel, for example, shows a net income under conventional accounting of $121 million for 1980. But with inflation accounting, that profit turns into a loss of either $176 million or $257 million, depending on which of two methods of calculating is used.

Bethlehem's case underlines the shortcomings of current accounting procedures in an era of high inflation. The company has been setting aside money to replace its existing machinery, but the cost of the equipment was calculated at its old value, not at its inflated new price. Thus the company has been drastically underestimating what it will have to pay for modern equipment.

When using inflation accounting, other large companies show smaller profits, if not outright losses. Exxon's income dips $560 million to slightly more than $5 billion; Alcoa's plunges from $470 million to $144 million. Robert Hampton III, a Price Waterhouse senior partner, says that a survey of 83 companies using inflation accounting last year showed that real profits were about 40% less than those reported on the normal balance sheet. Another survey, by Arthur Young & Co., revealed after adjustments for inflation that airlines, railroads and tire and rubber companies actually lost money. High-technology companies like IBM and Intel were the only sector of U.S. industry to do better on an inflation-adjusted basis. Reason: technological advances have driven down their costs and accelerated productivity so dramatically that new equipment may actually be cheaper to buy than the machinery it is replacing.

Most worrisome of all was the frightening documentation of what professional investors have long suspected but seldom been able to prove convincingly: many U.S. businesses are beginning to liquidate themselves by paying out to shareholders dividends they cannot afford. Bethlehem, for instance, paid earnings of $1.60 a share last year (a total of $69.8 million) on its phantom profits.

For now, the biggest benefit for corporations of inflation accounting—lower taxes because of inflation-reduced profits—cannot be reaped. Tax liabilities are still based on conventional accounting, and inflation accounting is mainly experimental.

The impetus for the new method goes back to 1977, when the Securities and Exchange Commission began pressing for annual reports that give investors more information about the effects of inflation on a firm's finances. Inflation accounting was finally mandated in 1979 by the Financial Accounting Standards Board, the profession's watchdog. This year the board required inflation-adjusted figures for only the 1,280 largest corporations, those with assets of more than $1 billion. Within five years, the new method may apply to all firms. ■

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

# Hot Oil Heists

*Grab the crude and run*

The galloping cost of oil has spawned a new breed of rustlers on the American prairies. Instead of roping longhorns, they steal crude oil—right from the production fields. Driving tanker trucks capable of carrying up to 200 bbl. of crude, these so-called hot oilers simply pull up to remote storage facilities, drain the contents into their vehicles, then skedaddle with their liquid loot.

No one knows precisely how much fuel is pilfered this way, but the amount is substantial. One petroleum executive estimates that as much as 3% of his company's output is stolen before it can be moved to refineries. While such stealing is common in Texas, Louisiana, California and other oil states, it is most serious in Oklahoma, where the number of wells now stands at 100,000.

Typically, the thefts involve a ring of crooks working closely together. First a "pumper," an oil-company employee assigned to watch over an oil well, surreptitiously diverts crude into a storage tank reserved for waste salt water, which is a byproduct of the normal production process. Then the hot oiler, usually someone hired to drain the salt-water tank, pumps out the crude and carries it away. He trucks it to an oil reclaimer, whose business is buying and processing sludgy, low-grade oil. The hot oiler sells his load to the reclaimer for about $15 per bbl., well below the legitimate market price of $38. The entire heist may take less than an hour. Each load earns the hot oiler at least $900, minus whatever kickback the pumper demands. One energetic trucker has boasted of pocketing $50,000 in just six months of steady stealing.

Police face a particularly difficult job in rounding up the outlaws. Unless a hot oiler is actually caught tapping a storage tank, the evidence needed to press charges is hard to find, since the crude he has swiped cannot be traced. Moreover, many oil companies have been reluctant to cooperate in prosecutions because they dislike admitting to the public and their shareholders that they have been bilked by their own employees.

The state legislature in Oklahoma is now considering measures to curb the thefts, including a law allowing police to halt oil tanker trucks on the highways and demand to see papers that prove the origin of the load. Meanwhile, several oil firms have engaged an outfit called Oilfield Security Patrol Inc. to keep heavy guard over their well sites. Company President Jack Gibson, an ex-policeman, is afraid that curbing the thievery could get rough. Says he: "When a guy is sitting there with $8,000 worth of hot oil in his truck, he is not going to let someone talk him out of it." ■

# Sex Sale Appeal

*The mass marketing of porn*

*"I'm just a good businesswoman. Selling sex isn't really much different from selling shoes."*

That unabashed declaration comes from Beate Uhse, 61, whose famed shops have become West Germany's Sears, Roebuck of sex, offering more than 3,500 varieties of love aids, ranging from bawdy books to inflatable mates. Now Europe's leading erotic entrepreneur has her sights set on the estimated $5 billion U.S. pornography market. Uhse's new American subsidiary, Reel Pleasure Unlimited, is distributing a portfolio of hard-core movies to 46 theaters across the U.S. In keeping with her reputation for peddling only top-of-the-line pornography, the initial release, *Extremes*, is the first X-rated film to feature four-channel Dolby stereo.

If the film venture succeeds, Uhse may start U.S. mail-order outlets in sun-and-fun states like California and Florida and market her products nationally. She has no plans at present, though, to open any sex boutiques in the U.S. Reason: zoning laws or public pressure have usually relegated porn palaces to disreputable districts like New York City's Times Square and Boston's Combat Zone.

West Germany's most famous businesswoman is a self-made tycoon. During World War II, she piloted Luftwaffe planes from factories to the front lines. The end of the war found her a penniless widow picking potatoes to support herself and a young son. After hearing complaints from other women about unwanted pregnancies, she consulted a medical book and began selling a four-page birth-control pamphlet. Uhse paid the printer for the first publication by giving him 5 lbs. of scarce butter.

Today, the Beate Uhse Co. dominates West Germany's lively sex industry; in the past decade, annual sales have more than quadrupled, to $57.5 million. Her empire includes a computerized mail-order business that processes up to 4,000 orders a day for items like condoms and vibrators, 15 adult theaters, 31 retail sex shops, a publishing house and a pharmaceutical laboratory that develops new love potions.

Uhse's success is founded upon two of the most venerable marketing strategies: attention to quality and name-brand identification. Says she: "We took sex out of the closet, put my name on it, and sold it openly and without apology. We take pride in what we're doing." Beate Uhse has become to German pornography what Colonel Sanders was to American fried chicken.

In all Uhse's operations, she has tried to take the sleaze out of sex. Her Blue Movie Cinemas, which attract married couples as well as the raincoat set, are clean, well lighted and have potted plants in the screening rooms. In her sex supermarkets, shoppers stroll through spacious, attractive displays with grocery-style wire baskets as they select their dildos and see-through lingerie. Uhse, twice married and now divorced, says that she personally tests many of her wares before putting them on the market. ■

**Beate Uhse at her West German headquarters**

*Bawdy books and inflatable mates.*

# When the world around you is exploding, there's one camera you can trust not to blow a shot.

In the heat of battle or the heat of Mount St. Helens, UPI photographers know the OM-1 won't let them down.

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**OLYMPUS**

# The Civic Wagon. It copes with the simple joys of parenthood.

Family life is full of rewards. So full that most parents could use the help of a car like the 1981 Honda Civic Wagon.

FAMILY-SIZED. NOT OVERSIZED.

Inside, it's just like home. With plenty of space for both people and possessions.

The front bucket seats recline fully. The rear seatback can also be adjusted for passenger comfort. Or folded down flat for a longer, completely carpeted cargo area.

But on the outside, the compact size of the Civic Wagon makes maneuvering in and out of parking spaces and heavy traffic surprisingly simple.

THE JOYS OF HONDA ENGINEERING.

If you're wondering how you can get so much into our wagon, it's because of the way we put things into it first.

The 1488cc CVCC* engine sits sideways. While the front-wheel drive eliminates a driveshaft running through the car.

Together, that leaves you with more cargo room and legroom.

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Our roomiest Civic goes easy on the family budget. According to EPA figures, a gallon of gas takes you an estimated 31 miles, an estimated 41 miles highway.

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But as you'd expect from Honda, our gas mileage figures are better than any other front-wheel drive wagon.

The Honda Civic Wagon. It's the kind of car that will fit right into the family.

And the family will fit nicely into it.

HONDA

We make it simple.

# When you really get it all together.

Anthony Daniels and Mark Hamill re-creating their original movie roles

# Show Business

## And Now, *Star Wars* on the Air

*Radio drama is making a resounding comeback*

Galloping galaxies! Here come that midget robot and the tin man with the English accent again, along with Luke, Han Solo and the rebellious rose of Alderaan, Princess Leia. *Star Wars* is back, but with a difference. This time it is on National Public Radio, and instead of being presented within the confines of a two-hour movie, it has been expanded into a serial: 13 half-hour cliffhangers. "We're trying to attract a whole generation of listeners who have been raised on visual entertainment," says Executive Producer Richard Toscan, "people who think of radio only as background."

Fans will recognize the plot, which started unwinding several weeks ago in many parts of the country. But with 4½ additional hours, the writers have been able to introduce entirely new characters and create scenes that the film only hinted at. Luke Skywalker's best friend and boyhood hero, Biggs Starfighter, makes an appearance, for example, and the audience is in on the beginning of the most thrilling romance since Romeo and Juliet —the first encounter between Artoo Detoo and See Threepio.

The radio *Wars'* producers even recruited two members of the original cast for the series, Mark Hamill playing Luke and Anthony Daniels giving his inimitable English accent to Threepio. If *Star Wars* is a success, National Public Radio believes it may attract a whole new audience to radio drama, which was an entertainment staple until television displaced it in the '50s.

In fact, there already is such an audience, and as Luke was beginning his adventures on the air, the *CBS Radio Mystery Theater* was celebrating a kind of anniversary by sending out its 2,500th broadcast. Started in 1974 by Himan Brown, whose own radio career dates back to 1929, *Mystery Theater* has presented everything from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* to *The Last Days of Pompeii* in nightly doses. The audience is small by TV standards (about 3.6 million a week compared with 37 million for a show like *M*A*S*H*). But the series is nonetheless at or near the top of the ratings for its time slot in several major cities and on the armed forces network.

Numbers alone do not tell the whole story, however, and *Mystery Theater* fans, many of whom listen in their cars, are almost fanatical in their devotion. Some have even written in to say that they will reverse directions if they find they are driving out of the range of a station carrying the show. "A whole generation was cheated of radio drama," says Brown, who is himself something of a fanatic on the subject. "Only here in America did Madison Avenue say, 'This is it. Without a picture there ain't no story.' Nonsense! The finest stories are right in your head."

Many performers are equally excited by the notion of acting with their voices alone. One of *Mystery Theater's* stars, Mercedes McCambridge, notes that since all emotions are conveyed through the voice, radio requires a concentration unknown in either movies or television. And, she says, "very few superstars in Movieland could cut that kind of mustard." ■

# Milestones

**ENGAGED. Hugh Carey,** 61, Governor of New York; and **Evangeline Gouletas,** 44, millionaire Chicago real estate developer whom Carey met at the Reagan Inauguration; in Washington. The wedding, his second, her third, is planned for this Saturday, Carey's birthday.

**DIED. Yuri Trifonov,** 55, Soviet writer who plumbed the moral dilemmas of Soviet life in such subtle, allusive works as *The House on the Embankment* (1976), *The Long Goodbye* (1971) and *The Exchange* (1969); of a heart attack following a kidney operation; in Moscow. Trifonov, whose father, a high Bolshevik official, was imprisoned and executed during the Stalinist purges of the 1930s and whose mother was sent to a prison camp, once explained: "A lot of things can be said best through art, through metaphor."

**DIED. Eric Williams,** 69, scholarly, strong-willed Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago, who in 1962 led his two-island nation to independence from Britain; of a heart attack; in St. Anne, Trinidad. A noted historian and author of the 1944 book *Capitalism and Slavery*, Williams became Chief Minister in 1956 and began a program of political reform and economic development that transformed the islands into one of the most wealthy and industrialized locales in the Caribbean.

**DIED. Bernard Hollowood,** 70, editor of the British humor magazine *Punch* from 1957 to 1968, who expanded its format to include political and social commentary; of a brain hemorrhage; in Guildford, England. Hollowood, whose editorials criticized U.S. involvement in Viet Nam and urged Britain's entry into the European Community, once said: "Nobody on earth can read exclusively funny articles without getting weary."

**DIED. Juan Trippe,** 81, aviation pioneer and founder of Pan American World Airways, which he guided for 41 years until his retirement in 1968; after a stroke; in New York City. (*see* ECONOMY AND BUSINESS).

**DIED. Enid Bagnold,** 91, British playwright and novelist whose elegant, carefully wrought works include the Broadway and London hit *The Chalk Garden* (1955) and the 1935 novel *National Velvet*, which nine years later became a film starring Elizabeth Taylor, then twelve years old; in London. Bagnold, who was married for 42 years to Sir Roderick Jones, longtime chairman of the Reuters news agency, demanded three hours every day for writing in their 35-room mansion in Rottingdean, Sussex.

**DIED. DeWitt Wallace,** 91, founder and longtime editor of *Reader's Digest*, the most successful monthly in the world; of pneumonia; in Mount Kisco, N.Y. (*see* PRESS).

Silhouetted by a Cape Canaveral sunset, the shuttle waits on the same launch site used for the Apollo moon shots

# On the Pad, Ready and Counting

## Columbia *is about to launch a new era in space travel*

*Dressed in space suits, the two men ride up the giant service tower, pause for a last briefing and with a chipper, thumbs-up wave climb into their spacecraft. The ship's three main engines roar to life, gulping supercold liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen out of the huge silo-shaped fuel tank. As the engines throttle to 90% of full power, the spacecraft and tank bend ever so slightly. When they snap back, two solid-fuel rockets strapped to the silo's sides are ignited. Belching flame and smoke, the entire 18-story-high "stack"—spacecraft, fuel tank and rockets—blasts free of eight restraining bolts and thunders skyward.*

*The stack rises over the Florida coast in a great curving arc, with the delta-wing spacecraft slung under the tank and the astronauts riding upside down. At an altitude of 30 miles, the ship is rocked by explosive charges that separate the now exhausted rockets from the tank. Under billowing parachutes, the rockets swing down toward the Atlantic for recovery by ship and later re-use. Meanwhile, the spacecraft accelerates to 17,000 m.p.h. Eight and a half minutes after launch, its main engines shut down. Other explosive charges spin off the empty tank and scatter its fragments like meteorites into the Indian Ocean. Finally, the astronauts fire four more bursts—this time from the two smaller orbital maneuvering rockets in* Columbia's *tail—boosting the ship into a nearly circular orbit 170 miles above the earth*

So it should go this week, shortly after the sun rises over Cape Canaveral on Friday. If there are no new hitches, Astronauts John Young, 50, and Robert Crippen, 43, will board their 75-ton orbiter *Columbia*, lift off from the same launch pad that sent Young and other Apollo astronauts to the moon, and spend 54½ hours racing around the earth before bringing down their magnificent flying machine—the most advanced spacecraft ever built—to a daredevil "dead-stick" landing in California's Mojave Desert. That is how a new era in space travel is scheduled to begin.

For the U.S., especially, it should be an auspicious voyage. No American has been in space since 1975. More important, a successful flight will be vindication for U.S. technology. Two and a half years behind schedule, troubled by seemingly endless snafus and cost overruns that brought the total bill to $9.9 billion, "America's space lemon" finally has a chance to silence scoffers. Just as the 15th century caravels of Christopher Columbus —the shuttle's distant namesake—pointed the way to the New World, so *Columbia* will open the door to the practical, day-to-day use of space

Until now, manned spaceflight has been a most extravagant—some say most wasteful—enterprise. The towering Saturn rockets made only one-way passages. Even the tiny "command ships" that splashed back to earth after their journeys to the moon never flew again. The shuttle orbiter has been painstakingly designed for use again and again, perhaps as many as 100 times. Not only will that make spaceflight less costly, it should encourage a whole range of activities, from launching and retrieving new types of satellites, including power plants that can snatch energy from the sun, to setting up permanent orbital observatories and space factories.

Making use of the weightlessness of orbit, such workshops may one day produce crystals of exceptional purity, new pharmaceuticals and alloy castings better mixed than any on earth. Not the least of the shuttle's benefits will be military. Seeking a commanding role in the new "high ground" of space, already ambitiously exploited by the Soviets, the Defense Department is booking nearly a third of the 150 shuttle flights planned for the next five years. Future shuttles may set up way stations for missions to the moon, to the planets and eventually, perhaps, to the stars.

For the moment, NASA's task is far less ambitious. *Columbia's* initial launch, as well as its three follow-up voyages scheduled over the next nine months, is designed to get the bugs out of its new

Young and Crippen at the controls

Space Transportation System (STS), as the shuttle is called. No payload will be carried in the 60-ft.-long cargo bay except for two small instrument packages that will collect data on the orbiter's performance. The load on the spacecraft's engines and structure will be kept to a minimum. Such caution seems prudent: unlike the Apollo spacecraft, the shuttle was never subjected to an unmanned test in space.

In a machine as complicated as *Columbia*, almost anything could go wrong. The main engines, pound for pound, are the most powerful ever built, capable of generating enough electricity to light up New York State. Its outer skin of silica tiles must withstand frictional temperatures as high as 2400° F as the orbiter hurtles back into the atmosphere. *Columbia's* innards contain enough wiring and pipes to equip a small skyscraper. Yet all its myriad components have undergone every conceivable test short of actual flight. The shuttle also has some powerful onboard watchdogs: five computers, each capable of 325,000 operations a second. If

anything goes wrong, even a trivial drop in pressure, they will flash a warning to the astronauts. Says Young: "If there is a vehicle that we can have confidence in, it is this one."

There should also be plenty of confidence in the astronauts. Young has logged more time in space than any other one of NASA's current crop of astronauts. Born in San Francisco and an honors graduate in aeronautical engineering from Georgia Tech, the former Navy test pilot flew two Gemini missions, came within 69 miles of the moon as Apollo 10's command module pilot and finally touched the lunar surface in 1972 as commander of Apollo 16.

Texas-born Crippen, who is still a Navy pilot, became a NASA astronaut eleven years ago. Though he has yet to make a spaceflight, he has done just about everything to prepare for it, even taking part in a 56-day simulation of a Skylab mission. The astronauts have spent more than 1,300 hours in a shuttle simulator at Houston, testing their reactions to every imaginable emergency. Among other things, they have practiced "aborts," setting down at five alternative landing sites along their west-to-east orbital path.

One of the astronauts' first tasks after they reach orbit will be to open the big mechanically controlled doors of the cargo bay. Besides testing the mechanism, the operation is essential for ridding the orbiter of heat from the electronic equipment. The doors will be kept ajar during much of the flight. To shade the exposed bay from the sun, *Columbia* will fly upside down.

Compared with earlier spaceflights, the shuttle's journey will be a luxury cruise. *Columbia's* interior is pressurized to a normal earth atmosphere so the astronauts will be able to wear comfortable cotton coveralls for most of the trip. Young and Crippen will sleep in their cockpit seats, tote along an electric food warmer to heat up freeze-dried and other packaged food (sample menu: shrimp cocktail, beefsteak, butterscotch pudding and grape drink). On future missions, with as many as seven people aboard, *Columbia* will have a fully equipped galley as well as sleeping bunks. Young, who had to make do with the hoses and plastic bags aboard the Gemini and Apollo spacecraft, will probably be particularly fond of a zero-*g* toilet with toeholds and a warm-air "flush" to carry off wastes.

The toughest moment should come midway in the third day. Firing small jet-like thrusters, *Columbia* will maneuver so that its nozzles face forward. Then the orbital engines will be fired to reduce speed and let earth's gravity pull the orbiter down. As *Columbia* plunges belly up into the atmosphere at nearly 25 times the speed of sound, gases outside the ship will produce enough heat to create a 17-minute communications blackout. To slow the descent, computers will order a series of linked S-turns. When the ship reaches a 5.2-mile stretch of dried lake bed numbered Runway 23 at Edwards Air Force Base, *Columbia* will make a 180° turn and begin its final hair-raising glide.

When *Columbia* comes out of the turn at a speed of 400 m.p.h., it will be in a fighter-like dive seven times steeper than any commercial airliner's landing approach. (Without engine power, the orbiter is far easier to maneuver at high speed than at low.) At about 1,800 ft. over the desert and only 30 seconds before impact, Young will pull the nose up sharply, cutting air speed to 280 m.p.h., and drop the landing gear. Touching down at 215 m.p.h. (a comparably sized DC-9 lands at 149 m.p.h.), Young can only pray that his tires hold as the ship rolls to a stop. Five months later, if all is A-O.K., *Columbia* will be back at Cape Canaveral, all fitted out and ready to take off for space again. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Edwards Air Force Base and Jerry Hannifin/Washington*

**Possible landing sites**

Jules Breton's *The Gleaners*, 1854: a tendency to idealize rural life

*The Fire* by Jean-Pierre Alexandre Antigna, 1850

# Art

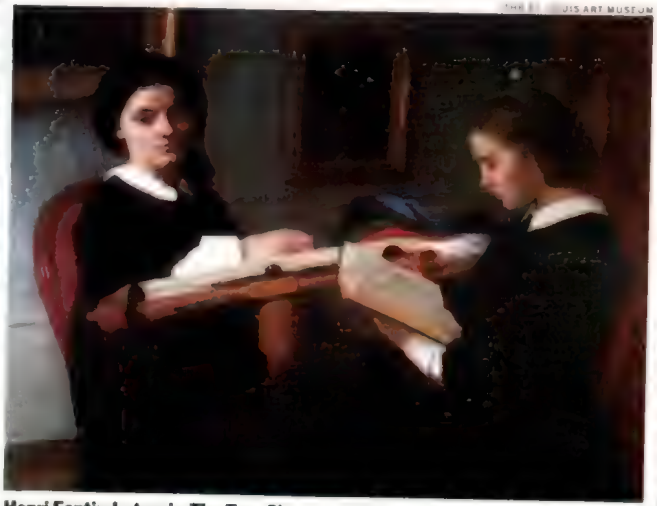
## Gleaners, Nuns and Goosegirls

*In Brooklyn, a survey of the resurrected French realists*

"Death, thou shalt die," the metaphysical poet John Donne once exclaimed in a transport of religious feeling, and one proof that he was right lies in the history of taste. In recent years, artists' reputations once thought to be buried forever have been summoned to their resurrection by art-historical revisionism and the demands of the art market. Brandishing their wormy palettes, these venerable shades mock the belief in linear progress that was once a byword of modernism. If anyone in 1960 had dared suggest that dozens of moldering eminences from the salons and academies of preimpressionist France, forgotten men like Jean-Pierre Alexandre Antigna, François Bonvin, Joseph Bail or Alphonse Legros, would some day be in the museums again and become the subject of excited scholarly debate, he would have been thought not merely perverse but plain mad.

Their work, after all, was precisely what the founders of modern art—Cézanne, Seurat, Van Gogh, Matisse—had set themselves against: *pompier* realism, with its gleaners, nuns and goosegirls, its moralizing illusionism, heavy sentiment and lentil-soup colors. It was "photographic"—a single word, damnation enough. But in 1981 taste in such matters has not merely shifted, it has come full circle. The exhibition now on view at the Brooklyn Museum, "The Realist Tradition: French Painting and Drawing, 1830-1900," would not even have been attempted by an American museum 15 years ago; the subject was too grossly out of sync with opinion. It was mandatory, for instance, to see an artist like Manet—with his dandyism and *blague*, his risky spontaneity and breadth of touch—as a father of later modernist painting. The fact that he also had deep affinities with "retrograde" realists of his own time, and was a 19th century rather than a "proto-20th century" artist, was sometimes played down.

A few of the 73 artists in the show, like Manet himself, or Gustave Courbet or Jean François Millet, have secure reputations as masters. Almost all the rest, whose paintings have been exhumed and whose biographies have been researched with indefatigable diligence by the show's curator, Art Historian Gabriel P. Weisberg of the Cleveland Museum of Art (where the show originated last November), are minor figures. But that is not the show's point. Rather, what Weisberg and his colleagues have tried to do is recomplicate our view of the 19th century and fill in some of the details of its cultural background. In this they have succeeded very well, though at tiresome length. The pleasures of social discovery and iconographic recognition lie thick on the ground here, but they do not make up for the aesthetic tedium of most of the work on view.



Henri Fantin-Latour's *The Two Sisters*, 1859: an affecting icon of intimacy

*Perceiving the commonplace in a way that elevated it to importance.*

Realism, from its outset, was a didactic art, created in the still extant belief that painting was one of the prime channels of social discourse. "Neither a style nor a school," Weisberg sums it up, "it was a way of perceiving the ordinary and the commonplace that elevated it to a position of importance." What raised the banal to art was, among other things, social commitment. Few of the realist painters were actually the children of workers, but many of them responded to an inescapable subject matter: the making of the French working class, from city coal heaver to country peasant, in the aftermath of the revolutions of 1830, 1848 and 1870. Art for man: this, wrote the

radical critic Théophile Thoré, "should be one of the primary democratic goals of young artists: Man does not exist in the arts of the past, in the arts of yesterday; and he still has to be invented." By this, Thoré (like the artists he spoke for) meant man as political creature, man seen in his manifest social relations—not the decorative peasants of Boucher or the squalid, undifferentiated social lump the French bourgeois imagined the proletariat to be. The task of realism was therefore to record, in Weisberg's phrase, "human needs and social symptoms" —contemporary life, arts, tensions, suffering and all.

Sometimes the impact of the canvases is blunted by time or convention, as are some of the passages in Dickens that made our great-grandparents weep. A painting like Antigna's *The Fire*, 1850, looks stilted to us now, with its Raphaelesque pyramidal composition, its marmoreal smoothness, its "classicizing" of disaster. Yet to endow the sight of a wretched working family about to be burned for a landlord's greed with the scale and treatment of official history painting (it is about nine feet square) was in itself a political statement and, to its audience 130 years ago, a very moving one.

There were, of course, many degrees of intensity under the wide shadow of realism. Painters of rural life, like Jules Breton, idealized rather more than their urban counterparts. There was a lengthy tradition of peasant décor in French art, and artists tended to see the country as a happy escape from the grinding realities of the city—the great exception being Millet, with his unfaltering sense of the earth and its rigors, and the stupors it enforced on those who worked it. One may doubt whether the women's work of gleaning after harvest was normally as dignified and arcadian as Breton suggested in *The Gleaners*, 1854.

The conspectus of styles, manners and approaches in the show is somewhat muffled by the lack of key paintings by fundamental masters of realism like Courbet or Honoré Daumier. Moreover, there is no way of drawing a hard-and-fast line between the realist enterprise and that of the impressionists. Although artists like Degas and Manet are represented, and although there are some exquisite paintings by figures on the edge of the impressionist group—like Henri Fantin-Latour, whose portrait of his two sisters embroidering and reading is one of the most affecting icons of intimacy in all 19th century art—one wishes the connections between the two had been made somewhat more explicit, even at the risk of covering familiar ground again. Nevertheless, this show is a real feat of scholarship, and nobody can come out of it without some sharply revised opinions on both the origins of modern art and the nature of 19th century French painting as a whole. Afterward, however, one should go and look at some Monets —to rinse the eyes. —*By Robert Hughes*

# Theater

## Supremely Sophisticated Lady

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

*Book by Peter Stone; Music by John Kander; Lyrics by Fred Ebb*

In ballet, elevation means the height of a dancer's leap and seeming suspension in the air. In a musical comedy, elevation could mean a playgoer's inner leap for joy while suspended in an evening of sheer pleasure. Except for Lauren Bacall, *Woman of the Year* is a show of hazardously low elevation.

**Lauren Bacall in *Woman of the Year***

*Filtered through bourbon and cigarettes.*

Bacall is a tigress of a performer, and she stalks through the musical like a supremely sophisticated lady who would never dream of sheathing her claws. From that growly, smoky voice, seemingly filtered through bourbon and cigarettes, to the lightning stride and the imperiously tossed head, she is a creature of animal grace and jungle danger. Bacallelujah!

But what about Peter Stone's book? The flimsy substance of it is a reshaping of the 1942 Hepburn-Tracy film. Instead of a journalistic pundit patterned on Dorothy Thompson (Hepburn's role), Tess Harding (Bacall) is now a TV panjandrum à la Barbara Walters. Tracy's no-nonsense sportswriter, Sam Craig, has become a syndicated cartoonist (Harry Guardino) whose creation, Katz, is a kind of common man's alley cat sociologist. (KATZ is flashed on a back-panel screen from time to time for sardonic wisdom and minor laughs.)

Tess and Sam do not meet cute; they meet silly. She launches on a TV diatribe about how cretinous the "funnies" are. Outraged, he caricatures her in his catorama as a snobby imbecile. They meet to fence and soon mend fences. Admittedly, Guardino is a palpable charmer and could probably break the social ice at the North Pole. Sporting bar-buddy camaraderie with Sam's poker-playing pals, Bacall romps through *One of the Boys*. Inexplicably, inevitably, the pair weds, spats, splits and reknits—how old-hat can you hope to get?

On Broadway, of course, every fossilized retread can take a privileged bow once a rainstorm of box-office cash has sanctified it—and *Woman of the Year* has been showered with a $3.5 million advance. As it happens, the evolution of a dramatic form is not that easy to repeal. Four musicals of the past decade—*Company, Follies, A Chorus Line* and *Ballroom* —give a show like *Woman of the Year* the ashen patina of Pompeii. Those musicals released themes and prompted questions of resonance. Whence came the ravaged joys of marriage? How may one survive the illusions of youth and the disenchantments of middle age? Did the dance of life do for me what I did for love? And how may one dance under the pin drift of mechanical stardust without the pipedream of romance?

Let's settle for smaller favors and find out just how small they are. The Kander-Ebb music and lyrics are amiable but pallid. Still, they do offer some comic relief. In *It Isn't Working* and *I Told You So*, Tess's secretary (Roderick Cook) and her maid (Grace Keagy) team up to pepper below-the-salt potshots at Tess and Sam's splintering love life. The evening's high spot consists of Tess and a humble housewife (Marilyn Cooper) agreeing that *The Grass Is Always Greener* —a low-life, high-life duet. Cooper makes this sequence as tart as vinegar and twice as puckish.

Like the computer, dance routines have become phenomenally sophisticated. Tony Charmoli's dances in *Woman of the Year* are distinctly derivative and nearly obsolescent. But then, this show's staying power is not in its gypsies but in the dame with "legs." —*T.E. Kalem*

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The Norwegian Caribbean Lines' M.S. *Sunward II*, Bahamas-bound from Miami; ship's officers and members of social staff gather by the pool

# Living

## Love Boats Rule the Waves

*Cruises offer bargain vacations with sitcom expectations*

He who would go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, had best steer clear of M.S. *Sunward II*. Of the 750-odd passengers who pack aboard the spruce white ship in Miami each week for a voyage to the Bahamas, few will later recall ever having seen seas, let alone a lonely sea. On *Sunward II* and most other cruise ships operating out of U.S. ports, sea and sky are props for a floating fantasy sitcom vacation that promises to be more naughty than nautical. Aboard *Sunward*, which steams only 380 nautical miles in the course of four days, the cruising is done mostly by the passengers, whose pursuit of romance and adventure is as unrelenting as the wump-wump-klump of the slot machines. Even the popular drinks bear names that would turn an old salt's stomach: Virgin's Kiss, Coconut Cooler, Jamaican Dreams

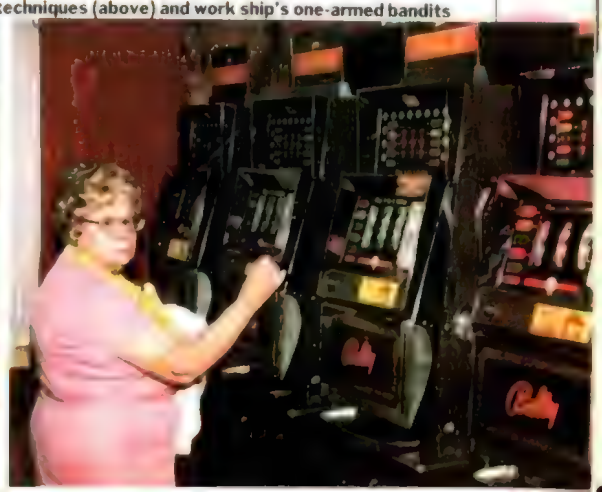
Kitsch as kitsch can, cruising is booming. While the vacation travel industry as a whole has been hard hit by inflation and recession, 27 major cruise lines operating in the U.S. have over the past two years logged a 40% increase in business. According to Cruise Lines International Association, the lines will haul in some $2.8 billion in bookings for 1981. Their 88 ships are virtually sold out year round, and several new liners are under construction. This year 1.5 million passengers are expected to sail out of Florida, New York and California ports.

A major reason for the party ships' popularity is that the average short cruise (four days to a week), costing around $150 to $200 per person per day, is one of the few vacation bargains left. Meals, entertainment and most island sightseeing are all included in the ticket price; about the only extra expenses are for souvenirs and the cheap, duty-free drinks. Says Sam Revel, owner of a Beverly Hills travel agency: "First of all, people want to relax. They don't want to hurry around airports, worry about what kind of hotels they'll be in, pack and unpack. On a cruise, everything is set for you."

Another attraction that has helped to bring the cruise business back from near extinction: shipboard casino gambling. Nearly all ships of foreign registry (major exception: Norway's) have installed casinos, and virtually all bristle with one-armed bandits. Americans' heightened interest in gourmet cuisine has also been exploited by several lines that serve four whopping meals a day—the usual three plus a midnight buffet. On many ships, the dining rooms and menus aspire no higher than Howard Johnsonian.

Cruising's biggest boost of all may be the *Love Boat* connection. In a bizarre show of life panting after artifice, passengers scramble aboard the cruise ships with expectations that their hours aboard will replicate the determinedly fatuous ABC-TV series, in which two or three romances seem to occur per nautical knot and (old tars squirm again) Hollywood prettykins impersonate the ship's crew. The emcees

*Sunward* passengers try snorkeling at Bahamas' Great Stirrup Cay, polish their dance techniques (above) and work ship's one-armed bandits



sprinkle their repartee with *Love Boat* jokes ("The captain can marry you on board. Every marriage is good for four days"). The Los Angeles–based Princess ships, on which *Love Boat* sequences are filmed twice a year, are booked months in advance of the TV outings. The tube's most remarkable impact on Neptune is reflected in the age of the passengers. Whereas cruise-ship patrons a few years ago were traditionally retirees, more than half the passengers today are nearer 30.

The partying begins hours before the ships cast off. From Miami, after a cruise aboard *Sunward II*, TIME's William McWhirter filed this report:

The 35-year-old skipper, Paal Korner —the only person aboard who is not addressed by his first name—looks as if he came to Norwegian Caribbean Lines from central casting. So do most of his tightly uniformed fellow officers. There are 84 honeymooners aboard. Perhaps half the passengers are unmarried couples ("Just good friends"), some of whom may simply be saving money by doubling to avoid single rates for a two-occupant cabin.

We may have started with a fantasy, but what we get after four days is a sensation of oblivion being pounded into us like the surf. The good, the bad and the forgettable, along with fun and non-fun, with things that work and things that flop, are all scheduled relentlessly. There are bingo parties and honeymooners' parties and singles' parties and virtually every form of organized recreation short of cross-country skiing. The Norwegian Caribbean Lines manages to sustain the illusion of nonstop reveling by helicoptering live cabaret acts between *Sunward* and its other ships. Some cruise vessels feature Broadway shows. The goings-on get wilder and younger in summer, when passengers board the ships on Friday in their workaday clothes and play until they totter ashore on Monday morning.

What makes the cruise a success after all is not so much fantasy as the inexhaustible enthusiasm of the crew. After several months of 18-hour days, former Schoolteacher Amy Mason, 28, a Doris Day look-alike who serves as social director, seems as buoyant as a sea nymph. "I'm just wired this way," she gulps. "It's not forever. It's for now. But I've found it."

One measure of such voyages' appeal is that an estimated 25% of vacationers who take cruise ships come back for more. Many, like John Pagano, 30, a bachelor from Jersey City who returned recently from his third cruise, sign up with singles groups that are specifically put together by travel agents to promote *Love Boat* romance. Pagano, a railroad man, has struck up an amour on each of his trips. Naturally, he will go down to the seas for another vacation. As he puts it, "You don't have to do anything but show up, and you're taken care of." Virgin's Kisses and all. —*By Michael Demarest*

# Sport

## Raging Bull of Basketball

*For Bobby Knight, a title—and an off-court tiff*

There had been ample warning about Coach Bobby Knight and his Indiana University basketball team. When the Hoosiers rolled into Philadelphia for the final rounds of the N.C.A.A. basketball championships, the team was on a tear, having laid waste to three early round tournament opponents by a total victory margin of 82 points. The coach had kept his mean streak going by insulting journalists, throwing his entire team out of practice and feuding with his star guard, All-American Isiah Thomas. Knight and the Hoosiers lived up to their billings in Philadelphia, storming through the Final Four like panzers at a prom. Indiana cowed a talented Louisiana State University team in the semifinals, then mercilessly picked apart Coach Dean Smith's elegantly orchestrated North Carolina Tar Heels in the championship game. And for good measure, Knight decked an L.S.U. fan, leaving him slumped in a trash can.

**Indiana's coach at N.C.A.A. championships**

*Confrontation and contretemps.*

Knight's conduct off court and his team's performance on court ran true to form for the gifted but flawed coach. An acknowledged genius in the gym, Knight has a record among the finest of his generation: in six years at West Point and ten seasons with Indiana, Knight has won 333 games and lost just 118. In 1976, Indiana notched a perfect 32-0 record and won the N.C.A.A. championship. At 40, he is the youngest coach ever to win 300 games. Knight's Indiana teams are noted for their overpowering defense, which disdains the niceties of the zone in favor of aggressively tenacious man-to-man coverage. It is nose-to-nose confrontation when the Hoosiers take the court to fulfill their coach's playing philosophy: "Our ultimate objective is just to break a team down over the course of the game."

Knight's approach produces wonderful basketball. With Thomas, the tournament M.V.P., leading the way, Indiana hounded its opponents ruthlessly, putting on second-half spurts that sent first L.S.U., then North Carolina reeling. The effect on the Tar Heels, normally composed and efficient, was devastating: trailing by a single point at the start of the second half, they found themselves down by eleven in less than five minutes, as the Hoosiers stole the ball twice and crashed the boards to wrest rebounds from North Carolina's fearsome front line. The Tar Heels never recovered, finally losing 63-50. On Smith's sixth trip to the Final Four, the Tar Heels had come up empty. His analysis: "I guess we're like Penn State in football. They're No. 2 every so often."

Off the court, Knight likewise favors nose-to-nose confrontation. During the 1979 Pan American Games in Puerto Rico, Knight got into a fight with a policeman, then compounded his legal woes and embarrassed the U.S. team by saying: "The only thing they know how to do is grow bananas." Subsequently he attempted to justify an attack on a sportswriter by explaining: "I thought you were Spanish." In his quest to replace Woody Hayes as the raging bull of college athletics, Knight has repeatedly humiliated his team in public and once grabbed an erring player and threw him onto the bench during a game.

His contretemps with a rival fan at the finals was equally mindless. The L.S.U. follower walked up to Knight in a hotel bar and congratulated the coach on his victory. Knight, evidently taking personally the traditional L.S.U. chant *Tiger Bait! Tiger Bait!*, responded sharply: "We weren't tiger bait after all, were we?" The fan shouted an obscenity; Knight dared him to repeat it. When he did, the coach slammed him into the wall. Unrepentant, Knight declared proudly the following day that he would do it again.

The controversy over Knight's unsavory behavior in Philadelphia was dimmed by the N.C.A.A.'s decision to play the consolation game between L.S.U. and Virginia (won by the Cavaliers 78-74) while President Reagan was still undergoing surgery and to continue with the championship game later. The decision was criticized, but Knight defended his players' reaction: "The kids certainly felt as we all did about the tragedy, but they knew that they had a ball game to play, and they made the adjustment." Would that Bobby Knight adjusted as well to the stresses of the outside world. ■

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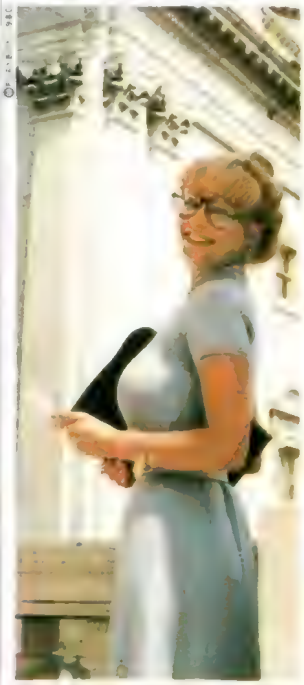
# People

"They're users. They're cruel, and they're certainly no better than I am," **Paula Parkinson,** 30, told the Washington *Post*. The 5-ft. 2-in., 100-lb. former *Playboy* pinup and Capitol Hill lobbyist denied rumors that she had video-taped 17 trysts, or that she kept a list of D.C. luminaries with whom she had sported. Well, one video tape and a short list of names, perhaps, none of which she would *dream* of using to blackmail nervous Congressmen, who have been busy pointing fingers in other directions while waiting for Parkinson to go public. Says Paula: "They did it to themselves. I didn't do anything to let the cat out of the bag." No votes were traded for sex, she claims.

■

"I've never wielded any weapon but my typewriter," Colombian Author **Gabriel García Márquez** (*One Hundred Years of Solitude*), 53, complained after a hasty departure from his basement apartment in Bogotá last month. Fearing a secret warrant for his arrest, the novelist and journalist fled to Mexico after Colombia had broken relations with Cuba and his personal friend **Fidel Castro.** The regime claims that the leading surrealist was merely trying to embarrass them by seeking refuge in the Mexican embassy in Colombia. But García Márquez says, "I am shy and I look aggressive." Some countrymen offer a more illuminating possibility: He's got an electric typewriter, and in his Bogotá apartment they turn off the power at 7:30 every night. Next book? *One Hundred Kilowatts of Solitude?*



Pinup Parkinson rattles the Reps

■

What to wear to the investiture? **Maria Lea Pedini,** 26, first woman Captain-Regent of tiny San Marino (a country 24 miles square perched on a mountainside in Italy), shunned the flat hat and knickers demanded by tradition last week. The pretty wife and mother chose a skirt and more feminine chapeau from a Milan designer. *La Capitana* wants reform in the world's oldest republic, where women were barred from voting until 1960, and where even today women lose citizenship if they marry foreigners. One obstacle to change: her term lasts only six months.

Maria Lea scores a hat trick

The old trouper delivering Oscar night's best lines

Twenty-four hours late, the show went on. Old Trouper **Ronald Reagan** opened the 53rd Academy Awards ceremony via video tape (recorded a week before) and got off the night's best line, a takeoff on Oscar's theme this year, "Film Is Forever." Quipped Reagan: "I've been trapped in some film forever myself." The evening's 114 thank-yous included heartfelt ones from **Robert De Niro** (Best Actor in *Raging Bull*) and **Sissy Spacek** (Best Actress in *Coal Miner's Daughter*). The class entry was *Ordinary People*, which copped the top awards: Best Picture and Best Director for **Robert Redford.** Mr. Novocain Jaw, attending his first awards bash, was bursting with directorial pride but not ready to give up acting: "I enjoyed sitting back and not suffering the pangs of being on the other side of the camera. My future may be in directing, but I think I'll keep wearing two hats for a while." **Lillian Gish,** 81, *grande dame* of the screen, who presented the award for Best Picture, remembered switching hats in a 1920 film she directed: "I also designed the costumes and the sets." Old film clips, glitzy production numbers and the rumor that the Best Animated Short award had been glommed by an impostor (the man was a legitimate but unknown Hungarian film official) could not raise the 3½-hr. evening above the humdrum, however. M.C. **Johnny Carson** quipped off-camera, "We need Michael Cimino [*Heaven's Gate* director] to edit this show." Asked if he would repeat his stint as the event's producer next year, **Norman Jewison** balked: "Doing this show is like dragging a dinosaur around behind you. Never again!"

The gold miner's daughter

Redford: no ordinary person

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# A Glorious Camp of Camelot

EXCALIBUR *Directed by John Boorman*
*Screenplay by Rospo Pallenberg and John Boorman*

Look at almost any new movie, and you will find its spirit fettered in realism, soldered to the everyday. When a film attempts to soar into the oneiric, with voluptuous imagery and italicized feelings, it is likely to be grounded by those air-traffic controllers of popular culture, the critics. *Excalibur* is such a film. Viewers are advised to decide for themselves if John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian romance is a dove or a dodo.

Boorman set himself a task only slightly less daunting than the search for the Holy Grail: to tell, in 140 minutes, the epic of Arthur, Guenevere and the Knights of the Round Table. He has a millennium of tough acts to follow: Malory and Tennyson and Tolkien, Wagner and Lerner and Loewe. On screen in the '70s, George Lucas set the story in space (*Star Wars*); Robert Bresson made it austere (*Lancelot of the Lake*), and six English cutups made it funny (*Monty Python and the Holy Grail*).

Cherie Lunghi as Guenevere

But Boorman has never been cowed by precedent or expectations. In *Point Blank* (1967), he twisted the gangster genre into a psychedelic ghost story. In *Exorcist II: The Heretic* (1977), he torpedoed *The Exorcist's* bad-seed plot for a Mach 2 excursion into religious ecstasy. Few followed, but Boorman has not clipped his wings with *Excalibur:* it is extravagantly conceived, and it sprints like a deer through the thickets of legend. Compared with Boorman, the other two major mannerists of the English cinema —Joseph Losey and Ken Russell—look like a pair of sensible shoes.

King Arthur, if he existed, probably ruled in the 6th century; tales of his exploits developed, from oral history to moral imperative, over the next thousand years. No visual style could capture his moment with historical accuracy. What is needed—and what Boorman and Production Designer Anthony Pratt deliver —is a ripe and consistent graphic vision. *Excalibur* is the handsomest film since Terence Malick's *Days of Heaven*, and is as alive to the subtle textures of earth, water and sky. The land leans gracefully toward the horizon to embrace Camelot, a fairy castle in Eden. The sword that will give Arthur his power rises suddenly, majestically, from a mercurial, brooding lake; a 300-ft.-high waterfall murmurs like silk in a soft wind; a soldier's lifeblood and the mud he died in become one. It is the morning of a new age—Christianity come to Britain —but Arthur and Mordred, his son born of an incestuous dream, meet their destiny in a crimson twilight of the gods.

DAVID STEEN

Nigel Terry, as King Arthur, prepares to do battle for Camelot

*Soaring into the legendary past with voluptuous imagery.*

If only as pop-up figures in a pop-art pageant, Boorman's knights and ladies look just right—like the children of a lost age or planet. Their acting is as green and lush as the rolling hills of Ireland, where the film was shot. Nigel Terry (Arthur) is no Sean Connery, the parfit gentil knight of *Robin and Marian*, but he passes persuasively from innocence to kingship to the realization that immortality can be won only through a fatal joust with his son and slayer. Cherie Lunghi too closely resembles a Covent Garden flower child to bring Guenevere to mature life, but her callow modernity wreathes *Excalibur* in later ideals of post-courtly love. Nicholas Clay makes an athletic Lancelot: he could be a dashing soldier of fortune or a knight in stainless steel.

The two well-known actors, Helen Mirren and Nicol Williamson, pose deeper problems, and offer more radical solutions. Of Morgana, mistress of mandrake and sulfur, Mirren makes an armored, camp enchantress. Swathed in purple veils and seaweed capes, intoning Merlin's dread spells as if they contained the dirtiest and most sacred words in any world, incarcerating the wizard in a cocoon of cotton candy as she proclaims victory over her mentor, Mirren convinces that she could charm a kingdom—or a film—with her perfidy.

Nicol Williamson as Merlin

Her performance seems a model of restraint next to Williamson's Merlin. The voice sweeps from wail to whisper, from adenoidal giggle to *basso preposteroso* growl—often in the same sentence. It is a daring display, and an exhilarating one. Merlin is, after all, a man out of time: "Our days are numberéd," he declaims to Morgana. He realizes, as she does not, that the Christian epoch will have no room for a necromancer—or an ironic realist. Merlin's time has come again in the post-Christian 20th century; it is fitting, then, that Williamson expresses both the juicy effluence of hoary ham acting and the quizzical underplaying of the Method. His Merlin is also a perfect avatar of the sorcerer behind the camera. Love *Excalibur* or hate it, but give Boorman credit for the loopy grandeur of his imagery and imaginings, for the sweet smell of excess, for his heroic gamble that a movie can dare to trip over its pretensions—and still fly.

—*By Richard Corliss*

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## Cinema

# Stolen Thoughts

THIEF
*Directed and Written by Michael Mann*

All right, Frank (James Caan) is good at his craft. And *Thief* deserves credit for presenting a hard, cool look at how the ancient art of safecracking has adapted itself to the latest advances in electronics and metallurgy. But if Frank is too smart ever to get caught in the act, the fuzz might consider busting Michael Mann's debut film for loitering with intent to talk existential philosophy at the scene of the crime.

This talented young writer-director (who won an Emmy with his gritty TV movie *The Jericho Mile*) has a gift for action and street-snarl dialogue. But he is fatally drawn to making big statements. And repeating them. And acting them out —to make sure his point has penetrated the most thickly armored brain in the house. But all he really has to say is that golden oldie, beloved by people trying to tart up adventure stories: the one about a man having to get down to nothing, to look into the abyss of non-being, if he is going to find the perfect freedom required to ply dangerous trades fearlessly.

Mann finds ways of translating these existential thoughts into the argot of the Chicago ex-con that are reasonably believable; and James Caan finds ways of saying them without choking. Indeed, at the center of the film there is a fine scene when Frank proposes to Jessie (Tuesday Weld), a coffee-shop cashier astonished to have an offer of marriage on her first date with the guy from the back booth, and to find out what he actually does for a living. Here Mann gets a subtler message across, in a scene with comedy, originality and dramatic power as played by two good actors. The bloodbaths that follow are flashy but empty exercises, pseudotragic searchings for a big finish. They make one tired and edgy—and dissipate the promise that has energized much of *Thief*.

—*By Richard Schickel*

**James Caan in *Thief***

*The perfect freedom is nothing.*

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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

*Also available in 100's and Box*

# *The pleasure is back.*

# *99% tar free.*

# BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

...but I call it the 'Gilbert' because it's me. Sensible."

Steve Gilbert

"These days, I've got to be sensible. So when I invest in a new car it has to look great for my clients...but also be practical enough for my family. That means four doors and room for six...good resale reputation and a car that's sensibly priced... and mileage? Very good with the standard V6 engine. Even better with the available diesel. When I saw this Cutlass, I knew it was me. The sensible '81 Gilbert."

Oldsmobile

WE'VE HAD ONE BUILT FOR YOU.

STANDARD V6 30 Hwy. Est. 21 EPA Est. MPG

Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Estimates lower in California. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.
IMPORTANT: Computer Command Control is on all 1981 gasoline engines. It helps reduce exhaust emissions while allowing good fuel efficiency.

DIESEL V8 34 Hwy. Est. 23 EPA Est. MPG

# Books

## From Bedroom to Boardroom

*Romance novels court changing fancies and adorable profits*

"I'm tired of being raped," complains Marisa after twelve violations in 600 pages. "Don't I count as a person?" Indeed she does. Marisa's adventure, *Wicked Loving Lies*, has sold 3 million copies, and her fellow rapees, the heroines of paperback romances, were responsible for sales upwards of $100 million in 1980 —representing over one-fourth of mass-market softcover volumes. This year is expected to be even bigger. As gothics and antebellum adventures fade, the "contemporaries," as the trade labels them, are becoming the ardor of the day. Says Dell Vice President Ross Claiborne: "It's a license to print money." The license requires a plucky heroine up against heart-rending odds (job problems; the other woman). Object: the tycoon or professional of her choice *(see box)*. Unlike TV soaps or racier novels, the romances always view the boudoir in soft focus, and all true love affairs lead to the altar.

In the nearly virginal Harlequin romances, passion never goes above a whisper: "She gasped with helplessness and fright and another subtler emotion that she could not understand." Masters and Johnson could furnish her with a working hypothesis, but even the more oestrous Richard Gallen Books line purrs only a little louder: "Sweet spasms of oneness curled within her." All this heavy breathing is as calculated as a publisher's earnings statement; according to industry surveys, readers want the sex wrapped in euphemisms and the future tied in pink ribbons.

Thus, though skies may fall, and heroes may come and go, leading ladies obey the immutable laws of the genre. As Author Patty Matthews has it: "You get your heroine up a tree and then throw stones at her. In the end she gets the man, the money and the happiness." In *Rhapsody* (Pocket; $2.75), a typical contemporary, Lane is afraid to tell the desirable pianist, Michael, that she is a talent agent. When he discovers her occupation, Michael mistakenly believes that she loves him only for his signature on a contract. The hotheaded (but lovable) musician goes off with a woman over 30—always evil—and Lane rebounds with Reggie, the opera singer, and Tom, "the sweetest guy in the world." After the requisite skirmishes and reconciliations, Michael is persuaded to play a concerto for two hearts, and the wedded Lane happily manages his life. Throughout her trials, she cooks not one meal and never worries about pregnancy or inflation. Romance heroines are too busy tracking and trapping their hot-eyed executives.

"Women's fantasies have moved from the bedroom to the boardroom," observes Gallen's editor in chief, Judith Sullivan. "They're no longer dreaming of being kidnaped by pirates, they're thinking about the guy in the corner office. The core fantasy is wealth, power, clothes, travel and a glamorous career. But women still don't want to be responsible for their own pleasure."

Book packagers do. Pushing their products like brands of cosmetics, publishers offer rigid "lines" of fiction. "The sameness of the stories gives women comfort," says Karen Solem, editor in chief of Silhouette Romances. "They buy one line because they know they won't find something they don't want to see." Adds Bill Edwards, vice president of the 530-store B. Dalton Booksellers chain, where romances account for 30% of mass-market paperback sales: "The women know what days their new lines arrive here. They buy four or six novels at a whack, every month." The market is so febrile that Avon has published the first homosexual romance, *Gaywick*; Dell has done a black contemporary, and Jove plans a "Second Chance at Love" series, for divorcees starting over.

Fans now name children after char-

### Excerpt

*Tips from Gallen Books on Writing Romances*

**HEROINE:** 18-30, spirited, intelligent, may have problems to overcome: selfishness, jealousy, imagined figure problems. Should have a career in a glamorous industry or want one. Need not be a virgin. **HERO:** older than heroine, but not by more than 15 years. **PLOT:** a love story between two dynamic people. Obvious padding not permitted. **LOVE SCENES:** within first 50 pages; we want to see foreplay, during play and afterplay. Euphemisms essential below the waist. Rape *not* recommended. Should it occur, it must move the story forward. **POSSIBLE PROFESSIONS:** disc jockey, bartender, scientist, securities broker, tennis instructor.

INFLATION-FIGHTING IDEAS FROM THE PEOPLE IN LIFE INSURANCE #3

# HOW TO SAVE MONEY WHILE SPENDING IT...AND HELP SAVE OUR ECONOMY, TOO.

America is the land of the impulse buyer. But when we spend without planning we're often forced to rely on credit and incur interest charges that drain personal income and feed inflation.

There are three actions each of us can take, however, that can help improve our individual finances and, if millions of us adopt them, reduce inflation:

*Plan purchases and buy wisely.* Spending less reduces pressure throughout the economy for higher prices.

*Curtail credit use.* When the use of credit is restrained, the upward pressure on interest rates is, too.

*Save all that can reasonably be set aside.* Saving not only provides personal financial security, it also provides capital to create jobs, modernize plants, and increase productivity.

And just as restraint in spending is basic to bringing our individual finances under control, it's equally important for the federal government in stabilizing the national economy. So let your elected representatives know you support efforts to cut government spending.

To help you avoid credit charges and save money, we've outlined some helpful ideas here. And there are more in our new booklet. The information on how to get a free copy is at the end of this ad.

## PLAN SHOPPING

Studies show shopping effectively can save from 5% to 50%. Discipline your shopping habits.

- Buy in bulk only when you will use it all. You might waste more than you save.
- Save as much as 20% by trading down. Less expensive foods are good for stews and casseroles.
- Shop around for appliances. It's not unusual for prices to vary up to 30%.

## START RECYCLING

Break the throwaway habit. Waste consumes a major portion of American incomes.

- Sell or trade things you no longer need, or donate them to charity and take a tax deduction.
- Don't throw away a good pair of pants that can be repaired with a $2 zipper and an hour of your time.
- A smorgasbord made with leftovers can be a tasty and inexpensive dinner.

## SYSTEMATIZE SAVINGS

Pay yourself first. Systematically!

- Try to set aside a fixed amount—at least 5%—from each paycheck, just as you would to pay a regular expense.
- Investigate often overlooked company savings plans.
- Ask your bank about automatic payroll savings deductions.

**FREE BOOKLET**

In cooperation with noted financial columnist Barbara Gilder Quint, we've put together a booklet with over 100 ideas to help you fight inflation. For a free copy, write American Council of Life Insurance, Dept. C, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

In addition to bringing you these messages, we're doing our best to fight inflation. The premiums you pay for life insurance are, in part, invested to create new business capital, increase productivity, and reduce the cost of your insurance. Today, life insurance actually costs less to buy than it did 20 years ago.

American Council of Life Insurance

INFLATION. TOGETHER, WE CAN SELF-CONTROL IT.

acters (Shanna and Virginia are favorites). And they subscribe to several newsletters, among them *Barbra Critiques*, a monthly review by Barbara Wren, an Independence, Mo., bookseller. Sample appraisal: *"Love at Sea* . . . Cute, short read. American gal, Greek guy, cruise ship . . . lightly entertaining."

Who is writing the 100-plus light entertainments that appear each month? "It's not Joyce Carol Oates under a pseudonym," says Gallen's Sullivan. Given the turgid prose style, that much, at least, is certain. Novice authors, in fact, tend to be housewives supplementing the family income, like Parris Afton Bonds of Lewisville, Texas. Bonds spends her day with five sons, ages one to 13, and plots her

**Judith Sullivan**

*Dreaming of the guy in the corner office.*

amours "after the diapers are rinsed." Concludes Bantam Vice President Rollene Saal: "I have a fantasy that as the sun sets across the land, the typewriters come out and the ladies go to work." When the Romance Writers of America convene in Houston this summer, those workers will also include Christina Savage and Shana Carol a.k.a. Kerry Newcomb and Frank Schaefer, two male ex-actors who have gleaned atmosphere from old John Wayne movies. Although these romanticists represent the new Grub Street, the income of some superstars is more suitable for Rodeo Drive. The authors' earnings from a single volume can reach $30,000, and novelists like Janet Dailey (80 million copies of 57 novels in print) produce eight books a year for a six-figure income. Experience is not necessary. Bestselling Writers Kathleen Woodwiss *(The Flame and the Flower)* and Jude Deveraux *(The Velvet Promise)* were discovered in the "slush pile"—the trade term for unsolicited manuscripts.

Romance fiction has also attracted some unsolicited (and scholarly) criticism as well. Columbia University English Professor Ann Douglas brands the genre "soft porn," that corrupts feminist ideals by glorifying male dominance. But Author Beatrice Faust in *Women, Sex and Pornography* takes a stand worthy of a romance heroine. In the right kind of contemporaries, she argues, "men have acquired tenderness and girls have matured into strong, independent women." These exemplars may help readers across the minefield of a new sexual culture. But the central question posed by Sullivan remains unanswered: "Why do women need so *much* fantasy in their lives?"

Simon & Schuster President Richard Snyder takes a more pragmatic view: "At least they're reading. Some of them may graduate to *The World According to Garp.*" Then again, that may be the most romantic fiction of them all. *—By J.D. Reed*

# Feelings

LOVE AND FREINDSHIP, AND OTHER EARLY WORKS
*by Jane Austen*
*Harmony Books; 118 pages; $8.95*

For all their current popularity and lubricity, novel-romances are old, old stories. They began flooding the market in England during the last decades of the 18th century; they were part of the tide that engulfed the certainties of the Enlightenment. Unlike the newly invented gothic tale, which stressed the pleasures of terror, the sentimental romances emphasized the happy sensation of a good cry. They also quickly debased the emerging philosophical notion that feelings were the most reliable guide to truth. If so, reasoned the romancers, then the person with the most flamboyantly acute sensitivities must be better than less hysterical mortals. The novels that followed from this conclusion all had one thing in common: they portrayed selfish monstrosities as paragons of virtue.

At least one good girl was not ruined by these books, although she must have read a lot of them to mock so well. Before her 15th birthday in 1790, Jane Austen had written *Love and Freindship*, erratic spellings and all, into a notebook. There it remained until after her death in 1817; it has appeared infrequently ever since. Too bad. Had this impeccable satire been published at once, a number of sentimental novelists might have found themselves legitimately in tears.

*Love and Freindship* is short (some 30 printed pages) and hilariously to the point. It consists of a series of letters from Laura to the daughter of a childhood "freind." Laura pours out the story of her unhappy past and makes herself ridiculous with nearly every vapid word she utters. She complains: "A sensibility too tremblingly alive to every affliction of my Freinds, my Acquaintance and particularly to every affliction of my own, was my only fault, if a fault it could be called." She is, like so many romance heroines, too good for this world, and horrid beyond measure.

Austen rapidly trots Laura through a standard romance plot. She marries a handsome stranger named Edward, moments after he appears at her parents' house. Edward is running away from his father, who wants him to marry a certain Lady Dorothea; he tells the adoring Laura how he refused: "Lady Dorothea is lovely and Engaging; I prefer no woman to her; but know Sir, that I scorn to marry her in compliance with your wishes. No! Never shall it be said that I obliged my Father." Edward and Laura set off to pamper their emotions and sponge off relatives and friends: "The affectionate en-

**Jane Austen**

*Mocking the happy sensation of a good cry.*

treaties of Augustus and Sophia that we would for ever consider their House as our Home, easily prevailed on us to determine never more to leave them." Eavesdropping follows, as do miraculous reunions, grand larceny, imprisonment, overturned carriages and the untimely deaths of nearly everyone except Laura.

Austen exaggerates nothing; given her target she scarcely had to. But she brings to this item of *juvenilia* the mark of an accomplished satirist: she sets foolishness off against an implied moral world. Near the end of her narrative, Laura recalls meeting a plain girl named Bridget: "She could not be supposed to possess either exalted Ideas, Delicate Feelings or refined Sensibilities—She was nothing more than a mere good-tempered, civil & obliging Young Woman . . ." To her later glory, Jane Austen was to make a lasting place in English fiction for such plain creatures. The other short pieces in this convenient collection betray an apprentice, if decidedly precocious writer. But *Love and Freindship* is a miracle of maturity, and one of the wittiest send-ups of nonsense in the English language. *—By Paul Gray*

# "Bring me your energy problem. I'll handle it with Carrier."

## HANDLE WITH CARRIER

"As a Carrier dealer, I have to live up to my reputation as a heating and cooling expert. So you can rely on me to pay special attention to your energy and comfort needs.

"Whether you're adding a unit to your home, or replacing one, I'll handle it with Carrier. I'm trained to select the unit that will save you the most money.

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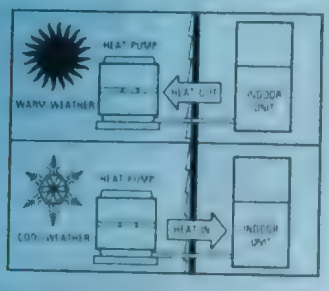
"IN HOT WEATHER, the heat pump functions as an air conditioner to give you economical comfort.




"IN COLD WEATHER, the heat pump reverses, adding heat to your home to keep you warm at low cost.

"With the rising cost of energy, you need more than a fair-weather friend. Call me. I'm in the Yellow Pages under Air Conditioning, Heat Pumps, or Heating. You'll have Carrier, the Year-round One, and me. Your Energy Allies™."

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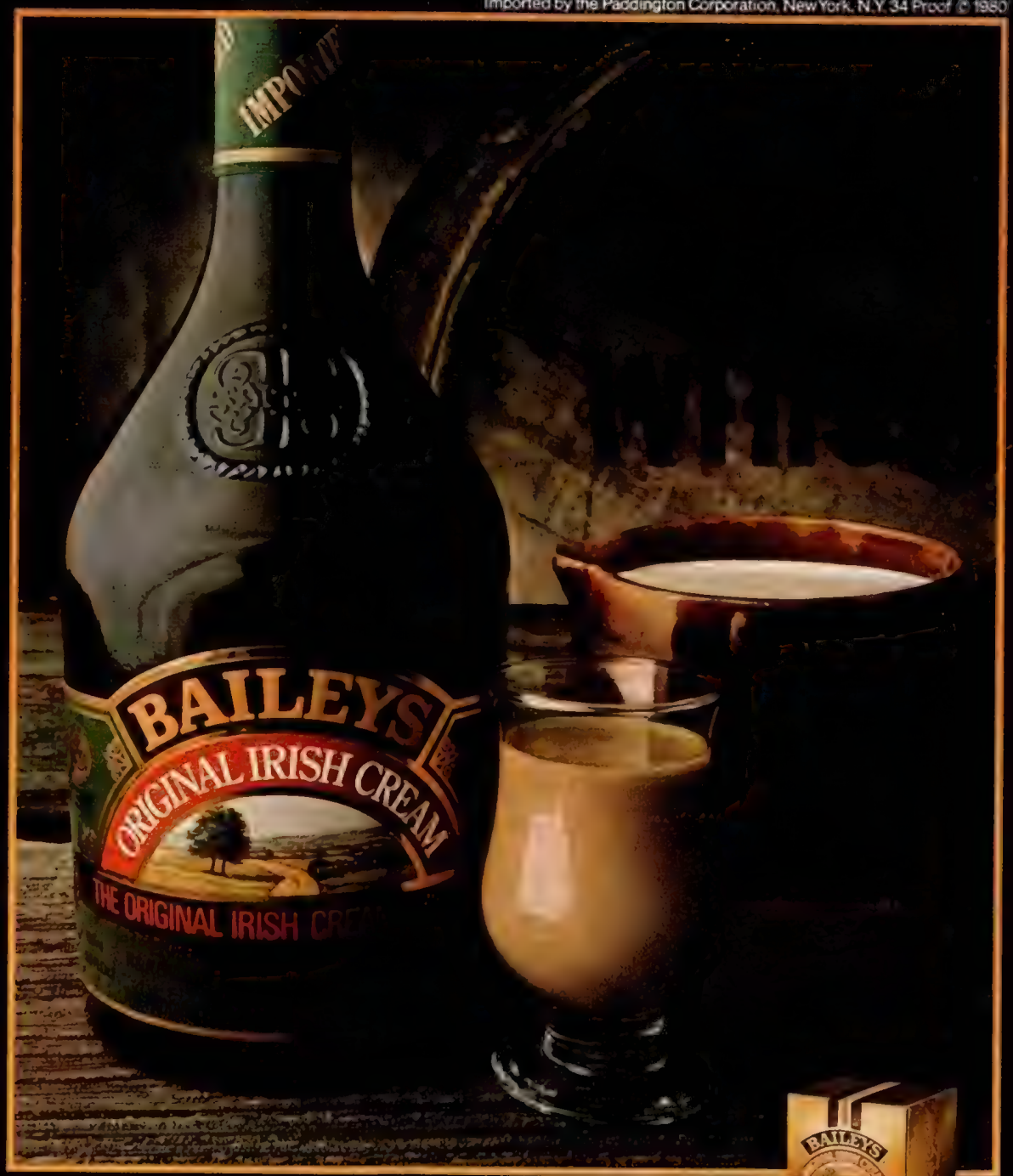



BAILEYS.
THE ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM LIQUEUR.
THE CREAM IS REAL. THE WHISKEY IS REAL.
ONLY THE TASTE IS MAGIC!

# A Story Made for Television

*How the Reagan shooting turned the U.S. into a giant newsroom*

Amid the noise and confusion of the attempt on President Ronald Reagan's life, ABC Cameraman Hank Brown coolly held his ground, keeping his camera rolling. The moment shots rang out on his right, reporters, Government officials and bystanders instinctively ducked for cover. But Brown stayed on his feet to capture a series of haunting images that by day's end were burned into the national memory: the President waving, then being jackknifed into his limousine by a Secret Service agent; Press Secretary James Brady and a Secret Service agent falling to the pavement wounded. Brown swung his camera around in the direction of the assailant, by then smothered under a swarm of armed Secret Service men and Washington, D.C., police. "Then I saw them kick a gun away, and I followed it to where it stopped near Brady's head," says Brown. "I stayed with that shot for a while, but then I was getting upset and sick and so I turned back to the scene with the assailant." During those numbing, terrifying seconds, says Brown, 32, a Viet Nam veteran, "I had to keep telling myself, 'Hank, do your job. Keep rolling. If you do it, it will help ABC and the police.' " Adds NBC Cameraman Sheldon Fielman, 42, who, eerily, had joined NBC the day President Kennedy was killed: "When it was over, me and my partner went back into the lobby and just shook. My leg was in spasms."

Their strong backs and steady nerves produced some of the most dramatic news film ever. Within half an hour of the shooting, the grim sequence was broadcast across the nation, and within two hours was transmitted around the world via satellite relay. As the tape was replayed, run through in slow-motion and held in stop action, viewers became almost numbed by what they saw. In many instances they were informed of breaking events mere seconds after anchormen. The adventure of live transmission was not, however, without its peril. Information was constantly being contradicted by new information. Most regrettably, all three networks broke the news that James Brady had died, only to reverse themselves minutes later to report that he was alive but in critical condition. As the story unfolded with all its fits and starts, American viewers caught a rare and instructive glimpse of the news-gathering process. In effect, they saw the news naked, before it is dressed up for the evening broadcasts and morning papers.

Reporters and TV correspondents on the scene had but one thing on their minds: to get to a telephone. Dean Reynolds of U.P.I. bolted to the front desk of the Washington Hilton, blurting to a clerk, "I gotta use your phone." Getting through to an editor, he shouted, "The President's been shot at!" "Let's go," replied the editor as two rewrite men joined the line, taking a sentence or two of dictation in turns before typing it into the computer. At 2:31 p.m., U.P.I. went on the air with its report, just a minute after White House Correspondent Sam Donaldson broke the story on ABC radio.

CBS Correspondent Lem Tucker, who had also witnessed the shooting, ran across the street and into a drugstore, shouting, "I'm from CBS News. I'll give you $100 to use your phone." Calling in his report, he turned to a store employee, "If I leave this phone, keep the line open. If anyone offers you more money, I'll double it." Standing on a Lipton soup case so that he could watch the action outside the hotel, Tucker prepared a report for CBS radio that aired barely a minute after the U.P.I. report.

Moments later, Cable News Network Anchorman Bernard Shaw broadcast the first television report of the assassination attempt. A minute after that, ABC, which was rushing Brown's tape by courier to its studios near the hotel, broke into a soap opera, *One Life to Live*, with a similar announcement. At 2:34, ABC Anchorman Frank Reynolds went on camera. Then word came that Brown's film had arrived. Turning toward the monitor, Reynolds said, "You and I are going to look at this for the first time."

At CBS headquarters in New York City, Anchorman Dan Rather was just finishing lunch with CBS Chairman William S. Paley when he was handed a note saying that Reagan had been shot at. Rather immediately headed across town to the CBS broadcast center. "Within seconds after I walked into the building," says Rather, "I started ad-libbing. There just wasn't time for writing." He was on the air live for the next six hours.

For almost three-quarters of an hour, the networks and wire services reported that Reagan had not been hit. At 3:11 all three networks reported the awful news. "My God, the President was hit," said ABC's Reynolds.

As the afternoon progressed, it became evident that television was becoming not just the story's messenger, but part of the story itself. Ross Simpson, 39, a radio reporter for the Mutual Broadcasting System, managed to sneak up to the third floor of the hospital, where he became privy to detailed medical information about Reagan and Brady. For more than an hour he phoned his news desk with a series of exclusive reports. Finally evicted by hospital staffers, Simpson gave

ABC's Brown giving his eyewitness account of the shootings

Mutual Broadcasting's Simpson briefing reporters on medical developments

*"Let's get it nailed down, somebody. Let's find out. Let's get the word here. Let's get it straight so we can report it accurately."*

an extraordinary briefing to fellow reporters, which was broadcast on ABC. He accurately referred to Reagan's operation as a thoracotomy, or "open-chest surgery." NBC Correspondent Chris Wallace, 33, one of the reporters on hand for Simpson's *ad hoc* briefing, scribbled down "open-heart" surgery in his notebook. Repeating this a few minutes later during an on-air report, he in effect exaggerated the seriousness of Reagan's condition.

Reports that Brady had died began spreading in mid-afternoon. The rumor circulated among law-enforcement agents and on Capitol Hill, where an aide to Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker passed it on to reporters. CBS Correspondent Jed Duvall reported the story on the air, with Rather noting that it was not from official sources. Then, after being handed a note, the anchorman said that Brady had died and asked for a moment of silence. A.P. Reporter Maureen Santini asked White House Press Aide David Prosperi if he would find out whether the rumors were true—at just about the same time that ABC's Bill Greenwood was asking if Brady was dead. "Yes, I will," Prosperi said to Santini, nodding his head, and Greenwood apparently mistook the signal as confirmation of his question —though he insists he heard the words "he died." ABC and NBC also went with reports of Brady's death.

After word reached Reynolds that Presidential Aide Lyn Nofziger denied the report, the ABC journalist lost his composure. Fairly bristling with rage, he roared to off-camera staffers, "Let's get it nailed down, somebody. Let's find out. Let's get the word here. Let's get it straight so we can report it accurately." For many viewers, Reynold's on-air outburst evidently heightened the drama of the day's events. The Nielsen ratings showed ABC with the largest share of the audience in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

Newspapers like the Chicago *Sun-Times*, Chicago *Tribune*, New York *Post* and New York *Daily News* replated their late-afternoon editions to report the assassination try. The Dallas *Morning News* put out its first extra in 33 years, printing 27,000 copies. Large morning papers provided exhaustive coverage the following day, filling in the gaps left by television news. Abroad, the shooting received almost as much coverage as it did in the U.S., with papers like the Rand *Daily Mail* in South Africa and the *Times* of London devoting their entire front pages to the story.

Thirty years ago, such comprehensive reporting would have been the talk of journalism. But last week its impact was dimmed by television's performance—often confused, sometimes wrong, but always breathtaking. For one draining afternoon, TV turned America into a giant newsroom. —*By E. Graydon Carter. Reported by Johanna McGeary and Susan Schindehette/Washington*

# "The Final Condensation"

## *DeWitt Wallace: 1889-1981*

There is no story that cannot be condensed, said DeWitt Wallace, and he spent a lifetime proving it. When he died of pneumonia last week, at the age of 91, *Reader's Digest*, the magazine he founded in 1922, was the most successful monthly in the world, published in 16 languages, with a global circulation of more than 30 million and an estimated readership of 100 million. For him, shorter really was better, and when he was asked what he wanted as an epitaph, he said, briefly: "The final condensation."

Wallace's career might have provided

***Digest* Founder Wallace in Pleasantville, N.Y.**

*Sagas of the onward and upward.*

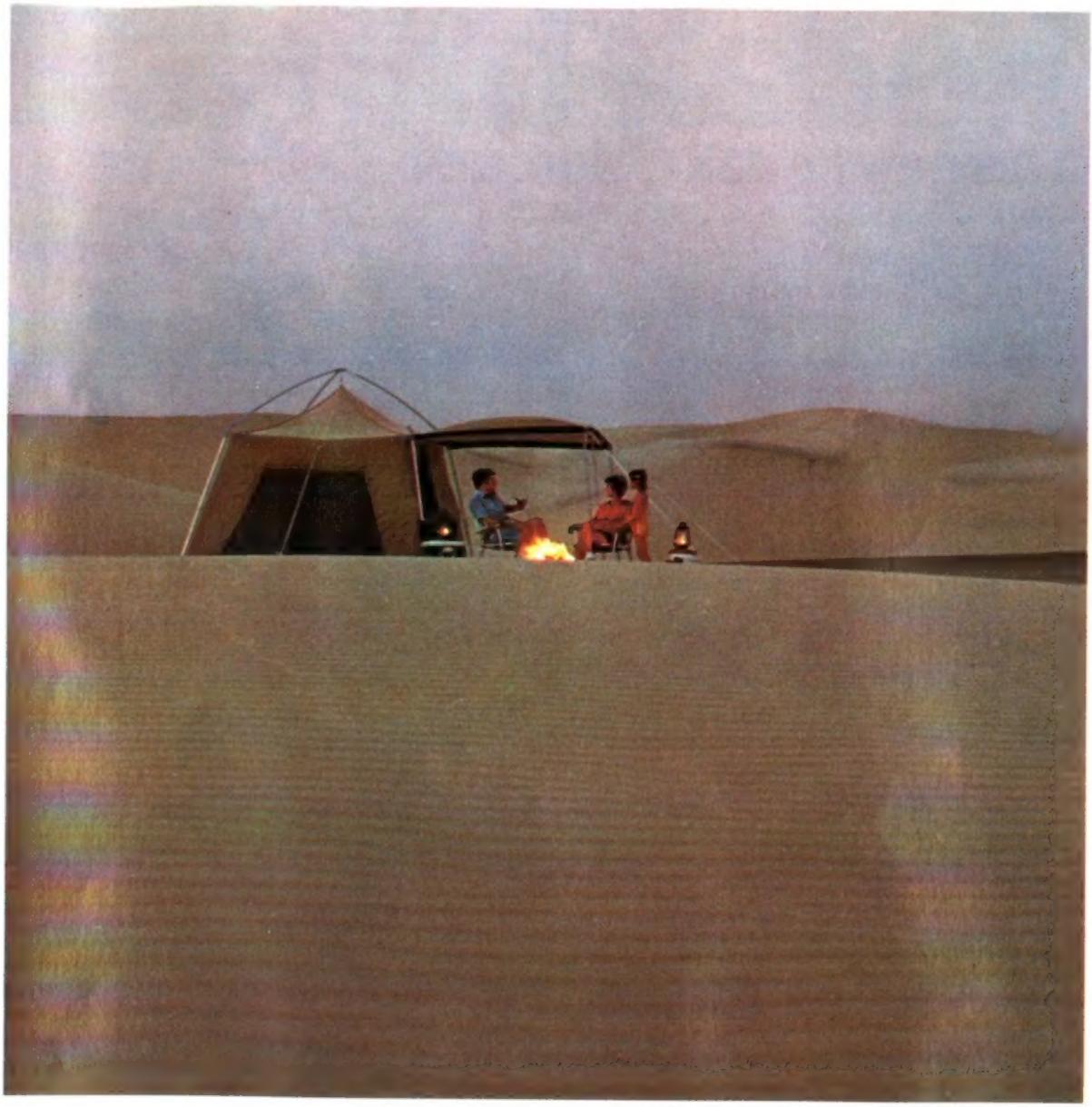
a model for one of his magazine's profiles, which have always favored Horatio Alger sagas of the onward and the upward. His father was a Presbyterian minister who became president of Macalester College in St. Paul, Minn., where DeWitt was born. After college at Macalester and the University of California at Berkeley, Wallace began his first venture into what might be called minimal publishing: a booklet that summarized hundreds of free pamphlets for farmers. He was seriously wounded during World War I, but instead of loafing during his four-month convalescence, he sharpened his editor's shears, tightening magazine articles. By 1920 he had prepared a sample copy of the *Reader's Digest*.

He was willing to give away the idea to any publisher who would hire him as editor, but fortunately for him every one he wrote to turned him down flat. One person who encouraged him was his bride, Lila Bell Acheson, now 91, the sister of a Macalester classmate. "I knew right away that it was a gorgeous idea," she later recalled. They mailed out thousands of subscription appeals just before their wedding. When they returned from their honeymoon to Greenwich Village in Manhattan there were 1,500 responses. Lila, the optimist of the pair, was thrilled that so many people had answered; Wallace, always the pessimist, was disappointed that so many had not. There were enough positive replies, however, to justify publication in February 1922

That first issue was typical of all that followed. There was an article called "How to Keep Young Mentally," another titled "Watch Your Dog and Be Wise," and a third on "The Firefly's Light." The magazine tended to be conservative, Republican and anti-Communist, as well as upbeat, inspiring and often simplistic. Readers loved it. Circulation reached 216,000 in 1929 and passed 1 million in 1934. Imitators tried but failed to match Wallace's formula. Somehow the *Digest* managed to imply that it contained all the information a reader needed to know. Wallace refused all advertisements until 1955, when he lifted the ban rather than raise the price of subscriptions. Liquor ads were not accepted until 1979, and cigarette ads are still forbidden.

In all he did, his wife, whose father was also a Presbyterian minister, was his support and his prod, and her influence was almost as great as his. In the early days, he was so timid that she often had to go to meetings with him. "Wally is the genius, all right," said a friend, "but Lila unwrapped him." He himself called her his "pillar of strength," and he would often stop to praise "that incredible and wonderful woman." They entertained rarely, and their few guests were usually *Digest* staffers. When they dined alone, they would, in younger days, dance for 15 minutes after dinner.

Though he continued to keep in touch with the magazine, whose headquarters is a few miles from his estate in Mount Kisco, N.Y., he gave up editorial control in 1965 when he turned 75. He and Lila, who had no children, began giving away many of their uncondensed millions even before that. Macalester, for instance, received more than $10 million; Boscobel, a historic, early 19th century house on the Hudson, another $10 million; and the Metropolitan Museum of Art $5 million. "The dead," he said, "carry with them to the grave in their clutched hands only that which they have given away." It was an appropriate comment from a man whose own publication is second in worldwide distribution only to the Bible. ■



# 1,001 Arabian nights

There are nights at home with the family and nights working late. Nights with homework and nights with TV. Nights eating out with friends and nights washing dishes.

Once in a while, camping out on a weekend night.

In other words, our people in Saudi Arabia spend their free time pretty much the same way you spend yours.

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5. Next Saturday, only 17 miles from where this picture was taken, the man in the picture has to mow his lawn.

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*Now the MERIT idea has been introduced at only 4 mg tar– New MERIT Ultra Lights. A milder MERIT for those who prefer an ultra low tar cigarette.*

*New MERIT Ultra Lights. It's going to set a whole new taste standard for ultra low tar smoking.*

Only 4 mg tar
Regular & Menthol

MERIT Ultra Lights

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method